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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF EXCURSIONS, NO. III.—GLIMPSES OF BERKSHIRE SCENERY.
LITERATURE.—MR. WARREN'S VAGABUNDO; OR, THE ATTACK IN SPAIN.
MR. SIMMS'S KATHARINE WALTON.
KALMITZIO THE TOLTEC.
BOOKS NOTICED.—Mills's Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland—Rochefoucauld's Maxims—Puckminster's Memoirs—Copway's Running Sketches—Herbert Tracy—Mr. Joseph Brewster's Lewis Arundel, &c.
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.—The American Ethnological Society.
WHOLE HOSES (Dickens's Household Words)
THE TRIUMPH OF CHARITY.
FINE ARTS.—Woodville's Politics in an Oyster House—Miche's Sainte Catharine—Leutze's Washington Crossing the Delaware—The American Art-Union—Iconographic Encyclopedia—Art Journal, &c.
MUSIC.—Madame Thillon, &c.
POETRY.—On the Death of James Fenimore Cooper, by D. P. Barbydt.
VARIETIES.
PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.—Domestic and Foreign Literary Intelligence.

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NOTES OF EXCURSIONS.—No. III. GLIMPSES OF BERKSHIRE SCENERY.

ONE word preliminary, touching scenery. The clever Howadji, in his summer chronicles of the present season, has laid it down, a little perhaps too generally, that, except in cases of overpowering sublimity (a mountain or an ocean being abundantly able to take care of itself), a certain finessing of art applied to landscape is necessary previous to an adequate, say a gentleman's appreciation of nature. In illustration of this he contrasts the Lake of Como with Lake George. The conditions claimed for the former, the "orange terraces and lemons and oleanders, under sumptuous chestnuts and funereal cypresses and ponderous pines, under these and all that they imply of luxurious palaces, marble balusters, steps, statues, vases, and fountains," may be readily granted as things not possessed ordinarily by American landscape, and in so far as they are useful things in their way, the scenery which is without them lacks that particular order of excellence. Now there are various other orders, which may exist entirely independent of any of these artificialities. Something can be said for American scenery, *versus* the landscape gardener. Man, it is well known to moralists and those who have much to do with human nature, ahuns perfection. He is not satisfied with it in a book, universally pronouncing insipid those heroes of fiction who are faultless monsters of virtue. This is doubtless owing to his love of liberty, which is so strong as to spurn civilization, and, at times, overthrow all restraints of right and honor. In things indifferent his desire for freedom is naturally, in a sound healthy constitution, a constantly acting power. He is always seeking to get away, forget it or disguise it by what contrivances he will, from all conventionalisms. He is stifled by arts and refinements and takes refuge with rudeness itself: as, in the old Indian wars of the country the captive, from a class, the western pioneers, whom one

would think to have had liberty enough, not unfrequently became enamored of savage life and chose for himself the freedom of his wild conquerors. Hence the "low" tastes in this matter of society, of men like Burns and Fielding. In the company of nature, which is supposed to be a refuge and solace for the overworn and wearied, is it not requisite that a certain wildness and ruggedness should be found? Would we be content with parks and fountains and grounds brought to the highest state of artistic cultivation? Would it not have the same effect upon us of weariness and satiety which the too orderly arranged objects of a costly drawing-room excite? All is expense, luxury, and, perhaps, positive convenience. There is a reason and a use for everything, but the whole equipment is oppressive. It is a too easy couch upon which we cannot sleep. It is the too even elegance of a grammarian's model style—the pattern essay of a rhetorician—Sterne's pictures where all the angles are right angles. Now to introduce this arrangement into the scenes of nature, to plant a tree here for its beauty and there for its sublimity, to have feeling measured and graded by the foot-rule of a gardener, even when it is done with good artistic taste, is to oppress us out of doors with the indoor feeling from which we would escape. We want the variety of a blunder or fault, we want to get away from the amateur to his raw material; we prefer nature unadorned—we need, to sum up all in a word, room for the imagination. Place for this imperial monarch! The imagination works by escaping from the confinement of regularity through a broken hedge as it were. It must get out somehow. The art is not to be denied, or its value, but it is misplaced. It is too plausible, like the conversation and writings of men, Macaulay for instance, who are so natty and well fenced in with statements and arguments that they leave us no power of thinking, suggest nothing but themselves, always radiate back self from their artfully-placed mirrors. There is great light, splendor, and illumination, but it is a magician's fire, which holds us powerless prisoners in the centre. We think this would be the effect of the prosperous conditions of the Lake of Como introduced into the American system of nature. Let us rather have its barrenness, its rudeness, its monotony, if you please to call it so.

A secondary association with these artificial delights is very unfavorable to manly enjoyment. It is the idea of expense, and consequently exclusiveness, with which they are more or less invested. It is man's work which is made too obtrusively evident. We think not of nature, but of Mr. Smith's fine show place, and are put out by Mr. Smith's reason for planting his pines on a particular spot. We see the proprietor nervous, restless, fidgety. If he is a small man he is sure to be all this. If he is a man of large calibre the pains which he will take to ward off suspicion of these usual concomitants of improved landed proprietorship will produce a similar uncomfortable result. But let rude

nature prevail, as at Lake George, many parts of the Hudson, and particularly in the Massachusetts Berkshire scenery, and you are safe. The moral value of preserving this is not to be too lightly estimated for the American. Primitive nature is our relief and succor from the oppressive luxuries and over-civilization of the old world. The wild forest is nature's bond for simplicity and mental hardihood. It is the corrective of the fast corrupting life of the cities.

The imagination is superior to the fact, and the best of nature is but a collection of broken materials for a loftier structure.

The mere picturesque, the desire of summer city tourists, is one of the feeblest virtues of a landscape. There are other conditions before it, and chiefly the great American characteristic of breadth. There can be nothing inferior in the vast sweeping masses of our scenery—or the constant grandeur of our numerous woods and waters. They may be little varied in detail, though a great deal might be said about that, but they have the universal sky above them and the sunlight will provide for them. Has it ever struck the reader how fortunate a circumstance it is that there are no landscape gardeners for the clouds, that science has not as yet touched the heavens?

Let the tasteful preservative influences of art be cherished in the care of our woods and fields; but let us seek for something simpler, grander, nearer the unfettered impulses of humanity than a garden.

Berkshire scenery is not certainly much cultivated. The poverty of the soil, the rugged elements forbid many amateur efforts. Yet it is worthy to gladden and cheer the heart of man, to inspire with its healthful airs courage and resolution, and still tutor the eye to delicate and harmonious perceptions. It has not that order of trained beauty to create rapturous dilettantes, but it affords nourishment for the spirit of a living man.

For its elements of beauty we would class foremost the distances, with the atmospheric effects of its hills and mountains, including the cloud vapors and mists of the valleys. These are of infinite gradations. Obviously they are to be hinted at and "noted" rather than described. If you could convey with them the elasticity of the native air!

We must content ourselves, therefore, with a few fragmentary allusions.

The drives about Berkshire are, from any advantageous point, and there are many such, as Great Barrington, Stockbridge, Lenox, Williamstown and numerous others, with many, "Yarrows" to us, "unvisited," of great interest and variety. The lake upon which the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne looks out at Lenox is exceedingly beautiful in its proportions and the relative disposition of the mountains. It has the cool freshness and life of some of our larger waters, with a more delicate sylvan beauty. The view partakes of the general breadth and expansiveness of American scenery, aided by the cold dry atmosphere, qualities which separate the landscape from the more limited, but softer lake country in England. The Pontoosuc Lake

near Pittsfield has still an air of exquisite repose fringed by its soft pines. It is not too large for simple beauty; its waters are pellucid, and it winds gracefully, followed by several gentle shaded turnings of the road. Seen from the rounded summit of the Constitution Hill beyond, it blends admirably with the woodland and the majestic mountain setting on all sides.

The water of the Housatonic, for the upper part of its course, is but a large brook, now enriching the more fertile meadows in a narrow channel, but commonly glancing and dazzling in its descent in a shallow stream over courses of rock, of a cool rich brown, and sparkling to the sunlight in crested eddies, or to borrow an epithet from Milton, "crisped" water. It is a pleasant foreground to a picture, as our artists know, with the purple evening distance of the western Taconic.

This Taconic range is crossed by many delightful roads. Can we forget the day's excursion with two pleasantly named and to be named authors, whose *Scarlet Letters* and *White Jackets* are gleaming here and there about the world in the light of quickening fancies, as we skirted the hills—

Through those windings and that shade,

ascending to their tops by a bowered unfenced path, the spray of the branches over us, one while looking down into ravines upon the heads of lofty growing trees, and surely, at the last, breaking forth upon some open prospect of wide cultivation, nestling village, and ever ascending mountain background. Such was the sight that day from the wild mountain road of the Richmond Valley as the shadows of evening were gathering, and still, dim repose succeeded to the pomp of the summer sky.

We had pleasant noontide shelter, too, in a grove of maples, among which the light glanced brightly to hope-inspiring, cheerful talk.

Mr. Bryant's muse, a "Mountain nymph," was born among these hills and has learnt no effeminacy among them.

At another time we were among the Eastern range where the Gulf Road leads off from Pittsfield—a wild picturesque defile, of rock and mossy forest, where lives a bounteous spring, ever to be remembered through sultry years, of the "ice brook's temper." A drizzling thunder cloud threatened to overtake us, shading the wide area backward from the hills in rare sublimity—but we had the timely shelter of the barn by the wayside, and were snugly nested in its hay loft, the rain pattering on its roof, gentlest of summer's sounds.

We never tired of the company of the Elms, of the contrasts of character in each, or of the variety among themselves. Here one stood "severe in youthful beauty," pencilled with delicate green and virgin foliage, while other trees of the forest grew dull and autumnal. There stood the guardian genius of the region, the Jupiter of the primeval wood, the Great Elm of Pittsfield, occupying its position in the heart of the town green, looking down from its well-built height with contempt upon the flimsy architectural pretences around. Wisely have the directors of the Agricultural Bank of the place chosen its lofty stem for the vignette to their bills—an inspirer of strength and confidence. It rises one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height, of which ninety feet extend from the base, unbroken by foliage, to

the lowermost limbs. Its trunk is thirteen feet nine inches in circumference, so that three persons must be joined hand in hand to encircle it. Even at the first settlement of the township, before William Pitt had succeeded to the Indian honors of Poontoosuck, it was a wondrous tree, selected by the inhabitants from the wide devastation of the axe. When the news of the Battle of Lexington was borne hither, with rapid foot and unfaltering voice, at its foot was marshalled the select band for the service of the revolution. They stood, doubtless, firm as their old sound-hearted friend of the wood. And long after the victory was won, when peace had crowned its splendid triumphs with the unchecked and hitherto unsurpassed growth of freemen, a Berkshire soldier of the war came to meet his commander and friend, La Fayette, standing beneath the old Elm.* Who knows what secret influences the tree may have infused into the calvinistic republicanism of the stout and reverend Thomas Allen, who first exhorted the tory enemy and then fought them. The elm, indeed, has a Puritan rigor, as if stiffened and lopped by the early religious rigidity of the place—wearing none of the dissipated languor of the drooping foliage of the younger members of the family planted in more nutritious soil. It is black and melancholy, with its stern shaft—bearing the marks of its third century—while of late it has been scarred with the seam of a deep wound. The elm has its Titanic sufferings. It was struck by lightning, rent and maimed, one summer day, the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and forty-one. It must fall and become a tradition—seemingly now, a fit emblem of that use which its name suggests in England, which Hood has consecrated in mournful verse and which Spenser calls to mind on the death of Sidney in his "Friend's Passion for his Astrophel."

The tree that coffins doth adorn,

With stately height threatening the sky.

There are other varieties of the elms of Pittsfield, unsaintly fellows, their luxurious falling foliage drunken and enervate, as if after some midnight carouse, drily rebuked by the dusty highway. It is this union of strength and effeminacy which is so fascinating in the elm. It is the touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin—power and weakness. The firmness of the trunk, with the airy lightness of the foliage, seemed always fit emblem of the true manly character, sound in principle, ever graceful, and yielding in ornament. Nor should we forget the elm on one green lawn, "a carpet all alive." At early morning its long thin shade pencilled its dial mark on the sward; at noon it gathered up its robe to its foot, and like Jeremy Taylor's image of charity, the candle, light to all the world, dark only at home to its own perfections, it furnished its circle of shade and coolness to the weary, stretching its roots for easy reclining; later in the day it flung its shadow proudly off, a huge balloon on the meadow, tethered to the parent trunk by a few delicate lines; at eve, the day and morning met together in its signals, nor was its coquetry interrupted, save when clouds, or rain, or night clothed it in other beauties, or mist invested it with Ossianic grandeur.

The proof of a pudding is the eating. The proof of a landscape is its power of nourishing the heart and head.

* Gov. Briggs's speech at the Berkshire Jubilee.

What wits does it breed, what intellects does it harbor, what men make it their refuge? It is a question these hills, if asked, might answer.

Though cotton manufactures do not prosper as formerly in Berkshire, one of the uses to which the great staple is ultimately put has been suddenly stimulated by the country. Under the shadow of Monument Mountain, Mr. James, the novelist, stables those two famous steeds whose black hoofs have left their impress on so many a fair page. He is not insensible to Berkshire scenery. He claims inspiration from it in the pictures of his last novel, dated at Stockbridge. "A good deal of laudatory matter," he says, "has been written upon the landscape-painting propensities of the author; and one reviewer, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has comprehended and pointed out what has always been one of that author's especial objects in describing mere scenes of inanimate nature. In the following pages I have indulged very little in descriptions of this kind; but here, as everywhere else, I have ever endeavored to treat the picture of any particular place or scene with a reference to a man's heart, or mind, or fate—his thoughts, his feelings, his destiny—and to bring forth, as it were, the latent sympathies between human and mere material nature. There is, to my mind, a likeness (a shadowing forth—a symbolism) in all the infinite variations which we see around us in the external world, to the changeful ideas, sensations, sentiments—as infinite and as varied—of the world of human life; and I cannot think that the scenes I have visited, or the sights that I have seen, in this portion of the earth—the richness, the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity—can have been without influence upon myself; can have left the pages of nature here a sealed book to one who has studied their bright, mysterious character so diligently in other lands."

Miss Sedgwick, as is well known to all readers of American literature, is there, and near by arose for the world, doubtless, first painted on the mists of the valley, the vision of *The House with the Seven Gables*. Herman Melville, in the vistas of his wood and the long prospective glance from his meadows to the mountains, blends the past and the future on his fancy-sprinkled page. Holmes, at his pink-buff cottage, sharpens his pointed verses in the keen mountain air. It is decidedly a quill-driving region. Nor is the heart frozen by its wintry snows. What avails the intellect if it is not the quickener of the generous deed. Aliens are they to the influences of the spot in whose breasts kindness is not a spontaneous law. We certainly did not meet with such, nor can we close these brief memorials of a summer excursion without acknowledging that a richer mantle than the imperial purple of the mountains is the mantle of human love, worn by the people of their shelter.

"The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of Heart's astonishment."

E. A. D.

LITTLE does he know of human nature, and less of gospel charity, who expects to root out the prejudices either of individuals or societies by unkindness, to extinguish animosity by violence, or a spirit of revenge by want of confidence.

BISHOP WATSON.

LITERATURE.

VAGAMUNDO.*

MR. WARREN has not, in his present work, the same virgin field of travel which he presented in that on the Amazon, noticed by us a few weeks ago. Spain, although almost a terra incognita when compared to France and Italy, is yet a well travelled country, and her very remoteness from the ordinary bent of fashionable travel seems to have secured to her a choicer set of visitors, or at any rate of travel-writers, than have been enjoyed by other countries more comfortable, but less picturesque.

Our expectations were highly raised by the capital title of Mr. Warren's book, *Vagamundo*, which may, we presume, be rendered in the vernacular by the expressive if not classic term, loafer, and which is admirably descriptive of the delightful feeling of vagabondizing independence with which the traveller, having passed the ordeal of custom-house tormentors, and comfortably ensconced himself in a hostelry of fair promise, issues forth on his first ramble through a strange city, with the probability that he does not know a soul out of its many thousands; a feeling which, in some moods of the mind, painful, is in others not unpleasant, from the feeling of self-reliance and independence it produces.

We were somewhat disappointed in the first quarter of the book. The author enters on his subject as he entered Spain, by the least attractive side. We feared that we had encountered another of the many dull and superficial books of travel which appear to have been made up from the famous red guide-book, and not from observation of the broader pages of nature and character ever open to observation around. The *Attaché*, we thought, somewhat partook of the buckram stiffness of his official collar and skirts; he seemed to have a painful sense that it was his duty to give us an inventory of the places through which he passed, with their population, and an enumeration of the public edifices, if any, which they possessed. Then, too, he passed Burgos by without stopping to explore its famed cathedral or visiting the Tomb of the Cid a few miles distant, an omission we could not pardon.

When the traveller however reaches Madrid he settles down in lodgings, and takes time to look about him, and he then becomes interesting as any man may who is able to give the results of his individual experience in an agreeable form.

After some months' residence in Madrid, the author picks up a fellow-traveller who is a fellow-countryman as well, and a servant, whom he tries hard to invest with somewhat of the interest of Sancho Panza (it seems a sine qua non with Iberian tourists to have a comic bodyguard) with indifferent success, and with these companions makes the usual tour of the Mediterranean coast of Spain, crossing the Straits for a couple of weeks' sojourn in Morocco, which forms one of the most agreeable portions of the book.

On the second page of his volume the author takes timely occasion to inculcate the advantages to the traveller of cultivating everywhere in general, and in Spain in particular,

GOOD NATURE.

"In no country is good nature more absolutely indispensable than in Spain. Let him to whom the generous fates have vouchsafed this precious boon—this sacred talisman, which converts whatever it touches into gold—let him, I say, thank heaven for the inestimable treasure it has bestowed, for a gift inexhaustible in its resources, and which will ever tend to lighten the burden of the brain and heart, and strew the rugged pathway of life with sparkling gems and fragrant flowers! But to him who is naturally peevish and fretful, who is more disposed to pick out a single grain of fault than to regard a peck of merit—who is never willing to allow any noble quality in another of which he himself is utterly deficient; and who, on the other hand, firmly believes that every evil tendency which he finds existing in his own breast is aggravated a hundredfold in the bosom of every other individual—a person of this description, wherever else he may travel, should never for a moment dream of entering Spain. If he does so he may be certain of encountering disappointment at every step; the phantom of pleasure may flit across his way, but only to taunt and perplex him with her deceitful presence. He may strive to clasp her in his selfish embrace, but she will elude his efforts and fly away before him. The wily goddess is not thus to be caught: *those who pursue her in eager chase* are always mocked by her rapid and untiring flight—she is to them a laughing coquette, who repels while she attracts. It is only upon those *who seek her not* that she bestows her favors; to such she is a gentle companion, a sincere and ardent friend!"

Trifling facts are often of great significance. What could be more suggestive of the spirit which animated the erection of the Escorial, and of bigotry, now as then, than the circumstance mentioned by our author, that in the library of that famous monastic palace the books are placed *with their edges turned outwards*.

In his nocturnal rambles through Madrid, Mr. Warren encounters certain Dogberries, whose manners seem as gentle as their official appellation:—

THE SERENOS.

"The strain of a solitary guitar alone fell upon our ears, while the only human objects we beheld were the muffled forms of the 'Serenos,' or watchmen, standing with their spears and lanterns at the corner of every street. Nothing could be more picturesque or formidable than the appearance which they thus presented!"

"These Serenos, in spite of their terrible aspect, are exceedingly kind to strangers who have mistaken their way, and not unfrequently accompany them for some distance to the street, and even the house of which they are in search. On these occasions they generally expect a trifling remuneration for their trouble; and if it is convenient for you to present them with a choice cigar, do so without fail, and you may depend upon it that they will always stand ready to manifest their gratitude for your kindness, should the circumstances of the uncertain future ever afford them an opportunity."

We have never met a more amusing indication of Spanish gravity than in the following

AUCTION SCENE.

"The sale was conducted in the open court, around which were a number of benches, upon which were quietly seated some forty or fifty grim-looking individuals, as silent and motionless as if they were so many mourners at a funeral. The auctioneer, of an ill-omened visage, was mounted upon a low platform in front of his auditory, to whom he declared in calm and measured words the article which was for sale, as

well as the highest price which had already been bid upon it.

"On the whole it was a serious and impressive ceremony. The stillness was scarcely broken by a word or a whisper, and when the bell was rung at the close of each sale, it was like the tolling of a death-knell. When we left the spot it was with faces as long as if we had just emerged from a sepulchre."

But to show the contrasts of human nature, and the other side of Spanish character, what do we come upon only half a page further on in the narrative, and half a street's length perhaps in the thoroughly Spanish city of Seville? Be attentive, ye white-gloved opera goers, adjust the lorgnette and drop the fan, for the changing scene now presents

FIGARO'S SHOPS.

"Before returning to our hotel we stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. According to legendary report and general belief, this was the identical one occupied by the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Rossini. Such being its associations, who could resist the temptation to pop into it? The barber we found to be a young and skilful artist in his profession, who gave us a most excellent shave, and that too without the aid of a brush. An earthenware bowl, with a rim about four or five inches in width, one side of which was scooped out sufficiently to adapt itself to the form of the neck, was filled with warm water, and then placed beneath my chin. With a piece of soap in his hand this modern Figaro commenced rubbing and washing my face in such a vigorous manner that in a few moments my features were completely covered with a white and creamy lather. I was almost suffocated, and could scarcely breathe without imbibing some portion of the soapy mass. A single stroke of the keen-edged razor, however, afforded me instant relief. One side of my face was as beardless as that of an infant; another stroke, and the other side of my phiz was as naked as its fellow. A face bath of eau de Cologne ensued, and I rose from my seat a lighter and (as persons say who have just passed through some severe ordeal) I trust a better man! Heaven commend me to the barbers of Seville. They are a happy and harmless race, and the most delicate managers of the razor in the universe. They are well versed in all the gossip of the town, and are remarkable for their loquacity and good nature. Almost any matter of local intelligence you may be sure to obtain from your barber, whose acquaintance, therefore, is well worthy of being cultivated. The highest class of Spanish Figaros are but little below the medical professors in social rank. They are licensed to use the lancet and apply leeches, these being operations which the doctors almost invariably decline to perform. As for myself, I would as soon consent to be bled by one of these fellows as by a more solemn practitioner, though, as a general rule, I think I should prefer keeping my blood within my own body."

Although a much-written upon subject, we cannot resist giving a bit from one of our author's animated descriptions of

THE BOLERO.

"We had not been long in the room before the guitars began to sound, and an electric species of animation immediately infused itself into every one present. All were eager for the dancing to commence. Even Ronalds and Pascual shared the universal enthusiasm, and the latter actually clapped his hands, in token of his uncontrollable impatience and delight. Suddenly a beautiful creature and an active youth bounded into the centre of the cleared circle, and after two or three preparatory clicks of their castanets, performed for us a matchless Spanish

* *Vagamundo*; or, the *Attaché* in Spain: including a Brief Excursion into the Empire of Morocco. By John Elias Warren. Charles Scribner.

Bolero, which called forth the most unbounded applause of the audience. We were delighted beyond the power of language to describe; as to giving the reader any adequate idea of the graceful movements and beautiful attitudes of the dance, we conscientiously acknowledge ourselves incompetent to the task. A succession of Andalusian dances followed, each of them affording us the highest degree of satisfaction and pleasure. Finally, a bewitching damsel, not above thirteen years of age, but as exquisitely proportioned as Hebe and as beautiful as Venus, hovered into the magic circle, and executed the Spanish *Ole*, in a manner which quite bereaved us for a moment of our sanity. Every muscle and limb seemed to be in harmonious motion. Verily it was a delicious spectacle! As we gazed upon her, clad as she was in the sweetest charms of youth and beauty, and beheld the sparkling of her starry eyes; the dreamy waving of her arms; the easy undulations of her body; the gentle bendings of her head and neck; the vibrations of the castanets in her gloveless hands, and the inimitable movements of her tiny feet, we could almost fancy that no earthly creation, but the very Goddess of Grace and Nature was moving in all her perfections before our delighted eyes!"

On passing through a wretched village, with an appellation of most Castilian inflation, Castileja de la Cuesta, the traveller makes a patriotic halt before

THE HOUSE OF CORTES.

"Stopping at a low and insignificant building, more suitable for a shed than a human habitation, we read the following inscription on a marble tablet placed directly over the door. 'Here died Hernan Cortez, a victim to disgrace and sadness, the glory of our country, and the conqueror of the Mexican empire: he expired on the 2d of September, 1544.' The house (if such it may be called) was, at the period of our visit, tenanted by a poor but proud apothecary, who, according to his own account, had served as one of the chief-surgeons in the Spanish army during the French invasion. He very hospitably invited us within, and entertained us freely with fruit and wine, for which he absolutely refused to accept even the smallest remuneration. We regretted afterwards that we had offered him anything, fearing that we might have wounded his pride. Taking us into a small chamber, between ten and twelve feet square, 'here,' said he, 'in this room Hernan Cortez died, and here likewise, this little child of mine, that you see laughing in its mother's arms, was born!' Upon our asking him if he found selling drugs a profitable business, he replied, 'I might do tolerably well, if business and sickness came together. At this season of the year, when people have an abundance of money, there is comparatively but little sickness, whereas, in the summer, when there is plenty of sickness, the money is quite exhausted.'

"Having bidden the worthy druggist good bye, we remounted our horses and proceeded on our way."

Mr. Warren passes the merry season of the Carnival in a city famed for its beauty and joyousness, the white-walled Cadiz. He gives a long and very agreeable account of the drama, from which we can take but

TWO CARNIVAL SCENES.

"On the evening preceding the commencement of the carnival, we visited one of the principal theatres, in company with the consul, who assured us that something unusual would certainly take place, expressive of the general hilarity produced by the proximity of the coming festival. We were not disappointed in our anticipations. The boxes and galleries were filled with beautiful women, and the pit with Spanish gentlemen, each of whom was dressed with the

same elegance and care as if for a fashionable ball. A more radiant scene of life and beauty, it would be difficult to imagine. The ladies in their gay shawls and lace mantillas looked extremely fascinating, and wielded with such captivating grace their animated fans, that we were completely in raptures with the ease and poetry of their manner. Among them was one who was pointed out to us as the belle of Cadiz, and well indeed did she deserve so distinguished a title.

"To say that she was beautiful is nothing—she was unspeakably lovely—aye, fairer than the fairest image of a poet's dream! She was only fifteen—half child—half woman, but without exception the most exquisite embodiment of female charms that ever dawned upon my vision. I lack words and power to paint her as she was; but with her soft blue eyes she gladdens Cadiz still, and sheds a sunshine on every happy heart within her sphere. Go then, fond reader, and gaze upon her celestial countenance yourself; listen to the sweet melody of her voice, and bask in the splendor of her witching smile. Thenceforth the marble Venus of Florence will be forgotten, and you will realize, with loftier conceptions of truth and beauty, that nature in her uncurbed efforts soars far beyond the highest achievements of art.

"When the curtain at length rose, the excitement of the audience greatly increased. No sooner had the actors taken their position upon the stage, than they were completely inundated with beans and confectionery, from every part of the house. Expecting an attack of this kind they were not at all disconcerted, but continued the amusing farce to its termination, notwithstanding the storm of sugar-plums by which they were vigorously and unceasingly assailed.

"The sport was exceedingly contagious, and I am certain that, for the time being, there was not a single person in the room whose gravity had successfully resisted the nerve-restoring influence of laughter and mirth. It seemed as if grief had taken a temporary departure from the earth; but nowhere is there more actual misery and sorrow among men, and more painful solicitude and anxiety among women, than within the lofty sea walls of this gem-city of the ocean.

"Every balcony throughout the entire length of the street was thronged with frolicsome damsels, each of whom was supplied with a silken bag filled with beans, or something of the kind, with which she industriously pelted the passers-by. This curious missile was secured by means of a cord of sufficient length, by which it could be immediately withdrawn as soon as the purpose of its mission had been accomplished. No distinction of persons was made, but everybody, old men, priests, and soldiers, were alike assailed, and no one took the slightest offence, but on the contrary, seemed to enjoy the fun exceedingly. Our neighbors on the opposite side of the street kept up an incessant warfare with their confectionery bags against every one who chanced to pass within the limits of their jurisdiction. From our position on an upper balcony, we carefully watched the proceedings of the girls, selfishly congratulating ourselves that we were beyond the reach of their well-loaded projectiles. While we were indulging in this feeling of fond security, suddenly a missile whizzed through the air, and striking my hat with extraordinary force, sent it rolling to the farthest extremity of our apartment. Looking instantly in the direction from whence the attack proceeded, I perceived that one of the damsels, who had been watching us from below, had stolen up quietly to the top of the house, where, being but little above the level of our chamber, she had despatched the messenger, which had committed such havoc on my dilapidated sombrero. Though we were inclined to pardon the young lady, yet our incorrigible Pascual was evidently bent upon some plan of revenge. At

length a thought seemed to strike him. Seizing an immense horse-blanket, which Ronalds always carried with him for his individual comfort, he secured it in the middle with a long cord, and then taking advantage of the most favorable opportunity, he threw it with such dexterity that it landed like a huge shawl directly over the shoulders of the girl who had attacked us, to the infinite merriment of herself and of all the others who witnessed this extraordinary exploit."

We have taken our extracts at hap-hazard, and have left many of the pleasantest passages of this agreeable book untouched. The reader had better get it and repair the omissions which space render compulsory upon us. Meanwhile, to leave him in good humor with the Spaniard, and as a parting salutation of our own, we commend to him the following beautiful incident:—

GOD BLESS YOU.

"As we journeyed on a trifling incident occurred, which very favorably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field laborers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression, 'Vaga vel con Dios' (go you with God). A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction, pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil."

MR. SIMMS'S KATHARINE WALTON.

HISTORY tells us of the partition of the Roman world by the Triumvirs, and in something of a similar manner—although without apparent co-operation—have four of our most prominent writers divided our own country, each claiming jurisdiction over a certain portion to be cultivated as a field of fiction. The world of waters, New York, and some of the States west of it belong—alas, since this writing, belonged—to the veteran Cooper; Virginia and North Carolina to Mr. Kennedy; the far Southern and Southwestern States to Mr. Simms; and Mr. Thompson, author of "The Green Mountain Boys," "The Rangers," &c.—works neither as generally known nor appreciated as they should be—lays no unjust claim to the regions of Down East.

Mr. Simms has thoroughly acquainted himself with the history and traditions of his own peculiar sphere, and that in the most minute manner. In "Katharine Walton" his scenes are true to the life, the incidents, whether in the greenwood or the drawing-room, real occurrences, and most of the characters have figured in and about Charleston during the eventful period of that city's occupancy by the British forces.

The ladies of Charleston, both patriots and royalists, the officers of the garrison, and many noted characters are presented to

* Katharine Walton; or, the Rebel of Dorchester: an Historical Romance of the Revolution in Carolina. By the Author of "Richard Hurdis" &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

the reader, speaking and acting as they once spoke and acted upon the real stage of life. The book commences with the rescue of Colonel Walton—the impersonation of the martyr, Hayne—at Dorchester, and terminates with his execution.

The interest of the reader is excited in the first page, nor is it allowed to flag until the end has crowned the work. To give an idea of the plot would be somewhat superfluous, since it hinges upon the events of the time, and so numerous are the *morceaux* worthy of quotation that we are at a loss to choose, and are almost tempted to consult the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. In every drama, tragedy, opera, or novel a "low comedy man" is necessary to lighten up the piece. Lieutenant Porgy sustains the character in Mr. Simms's novel. He is a man of some education, not deficient in conduct and courage, befitting a soldier, but—as his name implies—overmuch given to the flesh pots of Egypt. In the course of the narrative the Lieutenant not only distinguishes himself, but does it by the aid of those very pots and pans that his soul loves so well. He and a companion are nearly surprised in a friend's house, but make their escape, carrying off with them certain cooking utensils and their contents, hot from the fire, and with them contrive to give the bold dragoons

RATHER A WARM RECEPTION.

"Porgy, the *pot-hooks* with pot depending still in one hand, and the hominy stick in the other, looked up only to discover a dragoon leisurely marching down upon him, and but a few steps off. He cast his eyes about him for his sword, but it lay where he had been sitting, to the windward of the fire, fully ten paces off. Here was a quandary. The dragoon was in the act of picking his teeth when he first saw him; he was now deliberately drawing out his sabre. Porgy's glance at his sword, and a slight slip backward, moved the Scotchman to suspect him of flight; to prevent which the latter rushed directly upon him, his weapon now flourishing in the air. The bulk of Porgy, the nearness of the enemy, and the distance at which his sword lay, forbade the hope of recovering it in season for his defence, and as the dragoon darted on him, obeying a fresh impulse, our epicure raised the pot by the hangers with his left hand, caught one of its still burning feet in the right, and, with a desperate whirl, sent the entire contents of the vessel, scalding hot, directly into the face of his assailant. The effect was equally awful and instantaneous. The dragoon dropped the uplifted sabre, and set up the wildest yell of agony, while he danced about as if under the direct spells of Saint Vitus. The hominy stuck to his face and neck like a plaster, and the efforts to remove it with his hand only tore away the skin with it. Porgy was disposed to follow up his success, and knocking the fellow on the head with the empty vessel was a performance which was totally unresisted. In the agony of the dragoon, his approach for this purpose was totally unseen. Down he rolled, under the wild shock of the iron kettle; and our hero, congratulating himself with his narrow escape, seized upon the frying-pan, not disposed to lose his bacon as well as his bread, and was wheeling to make off for the woods, when another dragoon made his appearance on the brow of the hill, making swift tracks in pursuit.

"D—n that fellow Lance," muttered Porgy to himself, "he has left me to be butchered."

"He gathered up his sword as a point of honor, but still held a fond gripe upon the frying-pan."

"There was but one dragoon in chase, and if he could draw him yet further into the woods, the noise of the strife would probably alarm no other—that is, if the howlings of the first had not given the alarm already. Our epicure, as

we know, had little speed of foot, and with his impediments of sword and frying-pan in his hands, he made a very awkward headway.

"The Porgy was already preparing to wheel about for the purpose of defence, when his feet tripped in some root that was along the surface, and over he went, headlong, the contents of the frying-pan flying forward in all directions. In another moment, and when only half recovering—on his knees still, and painfully rising to his feet—the dragoon stood above him.

"Surrender, ye d—d ribles, or I shorten you by the shoulder!"

"Furious at the loss of both meat and bread, Porgy roared out his defence:

"Surrender be d—d! Do I look like the man to cry *peccavi* to such a sawney as you? Do your best, bowlegs, and see what you'll make of it!"

"With unexpected agility, unable to rise, he rolled over at these words, and now lay upon his back, his sword thrust upwards, and prepared to parry that of the assailant, after a new fashion of defence. In this situation no defence could well be made. The exhibition was, in fact, rather ridiculous than otherwise. The abdomen of Porgy rose up like a mountain, seeming to invite the attack. The dragoon, however, did not appear to see anything amusing in the spectacle. He showed himself in sober earnest. His brother soldier groaned hideously at this moment, and he had no reason to doubt that his hurt was mortal. He straddled the prostrate Porgy, and, in reply to his defiance, prepared to strike with his broad claymore at the head of the epicure. His sabre was thrown up, that of Porgy thrown out to receive it, when, suddenly the dragoon dropped lifeless upon our partisan, and the next instant the report of a rifle was heard from the neighboring woods.

"Ah!" cried Porgy, throwing off the incumbent body of his assailant, "that dog, Lance; he has not abandoned me; and I should have known that he never would. The rascal—how I do love him!"

The humor of the extract must excuse its length. Perhaps it may not be stepping from our place to hint, such a book deserves to be given to the world in a more presentable and preservable form.

MR. FOSDICK'S MALMITZIC.*

THERE is, perhaps, some similarity between the creation of a romance and the flying of a kite. Three things are essentially necessary for the attaining of success in either.

The kite is the novel itself, buoyed up by the afflatus of imagination—stronger or weaker as it may be—balanced and kept in proper trim by a *tail*, which, like the plot, must be neither too heavy nor too light, too long nor too short, but exactly in proportion to the size of the kite; and, finally, held down to earth by a suitable cord of common sense, which, with the above-mentioned well regulated tail, makes an equipoise for the frequently too potent "divine afflatus" that buoys the machine up. Cut off the tail and away goes your kite, twisting around in every direction, and finally dashes itself to pieces against the nearest chimney-pot. Let loose the cord, and after an irregular aerial flight, so high as to be beyond the ken and comprehension of ordinary mortals, it will take a sudden plunge, and probably pop into a horse pond. Keep, therefore, everything in proper trim, and if only there be enough of impetus, there is no telling how loftily your kite may soar, and how many may look upon and admire it.

* *Malmitzic the Toltec, and the Cavaliers of the Cross.* By W. W. Fosdick. Cincinnati: W. H. More & D. Anderson.

Dr. Franklin flew his kite to good purpose. Our Wall street gentry succeed admirably in their performances in the same line, saving only that their kite raises the wind instead of the wind raising their kite; and for the life of us we cannot see why the comparison may not be a proper and an honorable one to employ, even where so thin-skinned a race as authors are concerned.

From the first line of Mr. Fosdick's book to the end he assumes and sustains so lofty and grandiloquent a style that criticism, startled and appalled, lets fall her bowie, and comparison halting, first attempts a demonstration by marshalling to her aid Milton, Ossian's McPherson, and George Croly, but finding that neither comes up to the mark, brings in Pollock as a *corps de reserve*, and foiled again, admits that the whole "course of time" cannot furnish a parallel, drops her balances in disgust, and quits the field.

Not as ordinary mortals do our author's Indians and Cortesian Spaniards walk the boards, but with something akin to the stalk of the melodramatic star, who, when he would retire for the night, instead of asking politely for a candle, must needs bellow out, *pleno ore*, "Ho! slaves, a light there;" or, if he wishes to punish a refractory child by a temporary confinement in a dark closet, makes the welkin ring with, "Away with him! to the deepest dungeon 'neath the castle moat."

The heavy sentences roll off with an air majestic as that with which the Drummer of the Old Park—now transplanted to Niblo's Garden—ever brought the round and sonorous tones of his well-beloved instrument to bear upon overture or chorus, while the smaller scraps of dialogue—filled with sharp Aztec names that crackle in every line—rattle away like the snare-drum in Jenny Lind's "Rataplan."

The swearing is magnificent.

"Yea, by the heart of Huitzilopotchli, will I," said the Emperor. "None but friend shall have my flesh and blood."

Imagine the thermometer as high as is ours at the present writing, and then think what a relief it must have been for the Emperor to have got all that off from his mind.

Malmitzic the Toltec is a terrible fellow; and soon after the book opens—being inclined that way—gets into the thickest of a quarrel about a certain Tascallan, in which Cacama, Coanaco, Cuicuitza, Guatemozin, and sundry other gentlemen, whose names our pen is impotent to transcribe, are mixed up. Before the affair terminates, Malmitzic flies into a terrible passion, and indulges in

CALLING HARD NAMES.

"Back! on your lives, you villainous monsters!" thundered a throat that startled the mob like an earthquake. It was Malmitzic, who, drawing a sword of unknown metal and intense brilliancy, mounted the block, and supported the head of the lifeless gladiator on one knee, while the sunbeams upon his sword almost dazzled the spectators, and his dark eyes darted forth fire in their fierce glance."

Guatemozin taking offence at Montezuma's truckling to Cortes, sticks his spear into him by way of showing his displeasure. Tecuilipo, the daughter of Montezuma, and also cousin and mistress of Guatemozin, does not like the action at all, and tells her lover as much, at the same time giving him the mitten.

The lover, however, holds to the opinion that the old gentleman has had nothing more

than he deserved, and in expressing his ideas upon the subject, treats us to the following specimen of

FILING UP THE AGONY.

"But he has blotted out an empire in an instant; he has fled like a frightened priest from the altar of his gods; he has stained the proud escutcheon of a line of kings with cowardice; he has dipped the scroll of our nobility in a pool of blood, and drained a scarlet sea of slaughter out of the common heart of the Aztec race. Tecuilipo, was it not time to send him to the shadowed valley of the dead?"

Tecuilipo thinks not; but Malmizic, coming in at the very nick of time, coincides with him, and

FILES THE AGONY STILL HIGHER.

"Not I, said the Toltec firmly, but encouragingly. Nay, *though you strung tyrants' heads as thick as the skulls which stand in the Tzompantli*, I would not lay a hair's weight of blame upon your heart. No, boy, you have pierced the skin of one with a flake of Obsidian, whose pusillanimity has blackened Tenochtitlan with corpses."

Guatemozin can sing songs as well as slash sconces, and in the earlier part of the volume we are treated to a specimen of his abilities in the former line, which was well received by his friends. One verse will convince the reader that from it Mr. Wood must have borrowed the idea of his celebrated song,

"LET THE TOAST BE DEAR WOMAN."

"Quetzolcoatl wanders now
In shadowy Tlapallan;
When he comes the knee shall bow,
Of each proud Tlascallan;
And when he again appears
From that unknown region,
'Dear woman's health' shall greet his ears
From voices of a legion."

The author possesses an imagination truly immense, a flow of language really Mississippian, but we fear that some mischievous genius has cut the string of his kite. No one can read the book without regretting that so much of study and labor have been so misapplied. An acute critic at our elbow suggests that the author must have been laboring under a pressure of at least forty pounds to the square inch, and that a safety valve was an indispensable necessity.

The Literature and the Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. By Abraham Mills, A.M., author of "Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," etc., etc., etc. 2 vols. Harpers.—We presume Mr. Abraham Mills, A.M., &c., by placing his name on the title-page of this book, pretends to some sort of ownership in its contents. Moreover, the preface speaks of the lectures having been commenced more than twenty years ago. To this is added the comprehensive sentence—"In preparing them for the press the author has availed himself of every assistance that other publications on kindred subjects afford." Particular acknowledgments are then made to books of easy reference, as Warton, Hallam, Hazlitt, &c., "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" bringing up the list. Upon testing Mr. Mills's reading in some half a dozen instances, taken at random, we find him *verbatim et literatim* transcribing from the last-mentioned popular source, or simply abbreviating, with slight and unimportant verbal alterations. The articles we have compared are Chaucer, Sir John Beaumont, Carew, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, Junius, in which we find comment and extracts conveyed in the lump from Chambers to Mills. There are no quotation marks or foot references. It is

a wholesale plagiarism, which would subject the publishers to an action for copyright damages, were there any American copyright for Messrs. Chambers. On so common a topic as Pope, Mr. Mills has not only transferred narrative, but, as usual, critical opinions. The book thus compiled passes for original reading and judgment. We have seen it thus noticed in prudent quarters, the *Evening Post* and *The Tribune*, as an American work. In justice to the interests and reputation of Messrs. Chambers in this country, we state these facts, and ask the compiler upon what principle of literary action he has not issued this book with the appropriate title, "Chambers's English Literature, transferred by A. Mills?"

Moral Reflections, Sentences, and Maxims of Francis, Duc de la Rochefoucauld. Newly translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes. To which are added, Moral Sentences and Maxims of Stanislaus, King of Poland. Gowans.—A well prepared edition, as its title indicates, of the celebrated maxims. The numerous discussions which have been excited by them seem fully indicated in a single sentence of the preface—"Rochefoucauld has placed himself, with regard to private morality, in the same predicament as Machiavelli with regard to political morality." Both books are to be taken as satires rather than systems. If the misanthropy, selfishness, and worldly sensuality of the Duke's French court is put forward as an exclusive picture of human nature, we must needs protest with Malvolio: "I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion." As an image of conventionalism, and of much of the world as it is, the wisdom is perfect. Many of the maxims, too, have a wider range, as in this subtle expression of a truth of universal law—"A man may be more cunning than another, but not more cunning than all others," or this essential trait of character, "Men more easily renounce their interests than their tastes;" or this labor-saving observation, found out long since by Solomon, "a fool has not stuff enough to be good." It is evidence of a more extended sympathy in Rochefoucauld than has been generally allowed him, that parallel passages to his aphorisms are to be found in authors of the most varied dispositions, Cowper and Bulwer, Byron and Shakspeare, with hosts of others, furnishing (in the foot notes of this edition) frequently identical opinions. Undoubtedly the common expression is that of a Mephistophiles. It is as well to bear in mind a wise saying touching this form of writing, that a proverb is generally but the half of a truth, and look at once for the opposite half of the sphere.

Memoirs of Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D.D., and of his Son, Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Second edition. Ticknor.—A new edition of a work already reviewed at length in the *Literary World* (No. 125), which, besides its special character of personal development, contains many interesting passages of diary and correspondence, illustrating the mental condition of former times in America. The sketch of the *Monthly Anthology*, a Boston periodical of 1806, is noteworthy among the records of this kind. It was connected with a club, and conducted with conscientiousness and spirit. The younger Buckminster's "Journal of Studies" and incidental memoranda of his reading, always possesses interest. The traits of character of father and son we have already dwelt upon.

Running Sketches of Men and Places in England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Scotland. By George Copway (Kahgegahbowh). J. C. Riker.—Kahgegahbowh visited Europe as a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1850, and his tour extended over England, Belgium, and the Rhine, to Frankfurt, and back. In so well beaten a track there was little opportunity for imparting anything new to the reader,

and the principal interest of the volume will be found in the personal movements of the Chief. He delivered several lectures in England, reports of which are given in the volume, with the newspaper comments of the time on his remarks and personal appearance. The early chapters of the volume are devoted to the voyage out. Here the author allows himself more time for description than when he reaches the railroads of terra firma, and gives us his reflections more from an Indian point of view; these chapters are, consequently, the best in the book.

Herbert Tracy: or, the Trials of Mercantile Life, and the Morality of Trade. By A. "Counting-house Man." J. C. Riker.—A well intentioned little volume, the moral of which is, that young men in the country had better stick to their rural avocations than crowd to the city and risk small capital in the maelstrom of trade; and that it is better to do business honorably and fail, than cheat and succeed. The story is rather inartificially constructed, depending upon such round turns of fortune as a young lady who ends her life at the end of one chapter, to the great grief of her family and lover—in the next chapter but one coming to life again to be married, and on two brothers of the heroine coming home from India in the nick of time to relieve the hero lover, who has just honorably failed in business, with those rupees all adventurers from India (in plays and novels) bring home with them. We have also in the early part of the book our venerable friend, the Foreign Count (here an English Nobleman), who has made so much mischief (in books) from time immemorial in our New York society. He is no better than he used to be for becoming engaged to a young lady with his usual facility; instead of tooting the mark at 12 M., he leaves parson and bride, punch bowl and wedding cake in the vocative, and is off in the Havre packet at that orthodox hour for the commencement of voyages for life, and voyages marine. A "Counting-house Man" ought to know better than to deal in such damaged goods as this oil-exposed reprobate.

The Guileless Israelite: a Sermon on occasion of the Death of Mr. Joseph Brewster. By Rev. Asa D. Smith. Randolph.—A tribute to the memory of a New York merchant, well known among our inhabitants for his earnestness and mercantile honesty—preserving a record of his liberality to the Missionary and other associations of the Presbyterian church. When he once received a Discharge in Bankruptcy, he endorsed it "*Free legally, but not so morally*," and the spirit of this he kept, paying many of his debts subsequently through a rigid economy. Of sense and faith his eulogist happily says—"they should be combined, as the terrestrial and celestial charts for the use of the mariner."

Popular Amusements: a Discourse. By Rev. Chas. Porterfield Krauth. Winchester, Va.—A wholesale treatment of a subject which requires nice adjustment and philosophical consideration.

Life of General Lopez. By a Filibustiero. Dewitt & Davenport.—There is nothing new or authoritative in this slight publication, but it is a not uninteresting summary of much of the loose newspaper writing on this subject.

Lewis Arundel; or the Railroad of Life. By the Author of Frank Fairleigh. Long & Brother.—The promise of future excellence, so visible in Frank Fairleigh, has been fully redeemed in Lewis Arundel. The opening scenes are full of fun, yet free from all coarseness and "Pierce Egan-ism." The dialogue is very spirited—reminding one of that clever book, the "Bachelor of the Albany"—and the plot as it is skillfully developed, excites the deepest interest in the reader. Lewis Arundel is one of the most unexceptionable and pleasing novels that we have had for many months.

Godley's Lady's Book (Long and Brother, Agents), shows no disposition to abandon the field of native literature, in the competition with the new miscellanies, compiled from the English Magazines. Its October number shows a fair array of home production in papers by Alice B. Neal, Emily Herrman, Mrs. Oakes Smith, and other welcome pens. "Memory" is a pretty illustration in the crayon style.

The Evangelical Catholic.—This is the striking title of a new religious periodical which has been started in this city, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion. Its object is to avoid controversy within and without Episcopal borders, and to foster a spirit of kindness, combined with active benevolence and steadfastness in the Faith. It is a very neatly printed 4to. of eight pages, and is issued every other Saturday, the projectors promising to issue it every Saturday, as soon as the number of subscribers will warrant the expense. They should be a numerous company, for the price is only \$1 00 per annum. Messrs. Stanford & Swords are the publishers. The paper bids fair in its opening number to supply a long-felt want.

The North American Miscellany, issued by Palmer & Co., has changed its mode of publication from weekly to the monthly form. It is always an agreeable collection of the lighter English magazine papers.

The Household Words, up to the present time reprinted by Putnam, is to be in future issued by Angell, Engel & Hewitt. It is much to be regretted that this admirable work is not generally circulated in this country in the English copyright edition.

TALLIS'S (John Tallis & Co., 40 John street) *Dramatic Magazine*, Parts 8 and 9, are abundantly illustrated with several characteristic portraits of Miss Glyn, the prominent Shakespearian actress of the English stage, Macready as Werner, Mr. Davenport, Buckstone, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in character in farce, a full length of the late Mr. Dowton as Dr. Cantwell, the Macready Testimonial. The letter press supplies matter of permanent interest for the history of the stage.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

MR. COOPER was the first literary representative of this country who appeared after the Revolutionary war. There were other writers, contemporary with him or preceding him, who wrote with elegance, with ease, with fluency and power: but there was nothing in their various publications native and to the manner born. Before "the Spy" we believe there is scarcely to be found a book from an American pen, in which there is an attempt to delineate American character or scenery: or which selects the soil of the United States as the field of its story. Of the first generation which followed the Declaration of Independence—born in 1789 and publishing his first romance in 1821—he illustrated the freedom and dignity of his country by embodying her achievements and exhibiting to the world in a strong and bold light all its rugged grandeur and primitive freshness—the region she had reserved to herself by her valor. Like the country, which yet in the glow and hardihood of youth—with the pastoral and somewhat austere and rude virtues of the ancestral stock of fighting men and practical statesmen, Mr. Cooper's works are somewhat harsh and uncultured—with a strong smack and little of the hard finish of art. With the decline from that noble primitive era—while it is asserted that public virtue is less stately, it is also contended that the intellectual taste of the country has lost or is fast

losing whatever it possessed of vigor and independence. It is now urged that mediocrity is the smooth-faced god of our more refined idolatry: that to secure a general acceptance elegant common-place is a surer passport than robust invention or manly genius. There are certainly examples of success which would seem to justify this view; for while we can point to various persons, on the one hand, of little native force and a borrowed style who have acquired a considerable eminence without serious opposition, we know very well that on the other a bolder exhibition of ability is pretty certain to draw out of their hiding-places all the owls and bats of criticism and to set them whirring through the air, as if the sun had suddenly dashed in among them and was singeing their wings and searing the very eye-balls out of their most wise and oracular sconces.

At the outset of his career, Mr. Cooper accordingly had an audience ready to respond to his patriotic delineations with the ardor of a first love—the author and the audience were of kin—flesh of the same flesh—and bone of the same bone. That the public taste has not maintained itself with an equal vigor, refined as might have been expected by an improved culture—is in our judgment mainly ascribable to the substitution of foreign for native books: for although there are many more readers and many more books diffused through the country than at the period we have referred to, they have been of little avail in strengthening or enlarging the general taste. No real improvement in the intellectual condition of a people can be achieved except by native pens. "In native pens alone the hope of freedom lies." All other expedients and resources are temporary, strike eno root, and pass away with the butterflies and watermelons of the season.

Deficient in humor and grace, the writings of the author of "The Spy" rarely want for good sense, substance, and adventure. In character he is happiest in the type nearest to his own: a bold, persevering, self-relying man, who strikes out a path for himself, can follow it alone, and will pursue it to the end whether the multitude fall in or not. He relies on a faithful statement of all that relates to his story, delivered in as if under a sworn obligation—to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is no play of fancy, no riot of fun in his works. All is downright, earnest description and steady application to the business in hand. Mr. Cooper is the least of a *belles lettres* penman of any of our elder writers: he is a practical author: there is something in his works always to be done, and he sets about it as if he meant to do it. The result is that not employing the canvas allowed by the large culture of the scholar and the artist—his romances are of necessity limited in their range and monotonous in tone. Of the thirty-four or thirty-five romances, the spirit, the heart, and motive of all are essentially the same: there are no radically new characters: the only difference of one from the other is, that similar events in one case occur on land, in the other on water. He has shown excellent instinct and sense in the selection of subjects, adopting an elementary trait or pursuit as the basis of his fictions; for instance, "The Spy," "The Pioneer," "The Pilot," etc.

Although no one work of Mr. Cooper's can be put forward as an artistic whole, there

are scenes evidently struck off at a heat, in the happy moment of inspiration, perfect of their kind, and which once encountered must remain for ever in the memory "a heirloom of the happy hour." Among these we point confidently to the wrecking of the Ariel in "The Pilot;" where every word, tone, and look is in its place; the flight of Wharton and the hanging of the Cowboy, in "The Spy." There are others which will present themselves promptly to the recollection of our readers. It is a singular circumstance—and not the less singular that it is dwelt upon in every obituary notice which we have seen—that Mr. Cooper's stronghold of popularity and admiration was away from home; that his books were rapidly translated and widely read in foreign countries. This helps to confirm the averment which has been made against the American reading public of a want of self-reliance, while it would also seem to indicate that it is in the externals of the country that our romancers have best succeeded; for it is in that, that a country is most easily understood and readily admired by a foreign people. If these works had struck deeper into the inner heart and life of our community, we fancy the balance of favor might have been found on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Cooper is popular in foreign countries, because he represents to the old world the material prosperity and physical grandeur of the new. This duty he performs with the highest success. The country lies before the reader. His eye is upon it while he reads—he sees the mountains towering shaggy with woods, the far-wandering rivers, the craggy defile, the rolling prairie, the calm lake, the new settlement, the wigwam by the bank.

That Mr. Cooper has intended, in all or at least the majority of his works, to "stand by" his country, finds a singular confirmation in the fact that his name has been uniformly omitted in the speeches of our British visitors, in enumerating the distinguished literary lights of the country, while the audience have patiently submitted to the substitution of third-rate men, mediocre in talent, harmless in spirit, and as dry of all national feeling as kindling-wood is of the vital sap. Can it be that we are so utterly desiccated by foreign literature and foreign criticism, that to be national is to be outlawed? Or is it to be more rationally explained by that hue-and-cry of unpopularity which has been raised against Mr. Cooper for the last ten or fifteen years, and which is generally charged to his differences with the public press? Or, may it be that these quarrels have been employed only as a convenient cover, from under which to discharge all the arrows of wounded jealousy, the hostility of distanced ambition, and the relief of that exaggerated self-love which cannot tolerate intellectual superiority? Our intellectual condition is altogether an anomaly; and one of its chief peculiarities is, that no literary reputation is to be allowed in the country which is not based on offensive common-place, or mixed up with personal defects which sufficiently detract from the dignity of the author to bring him back to the level of his fellow-citizens.

The earthly career of Mr. Cooper is closed—and while we stand by the new-made grave of this Early Pioneer of American Letters, pondering topics like those we have suggested, may we believe that ingratitude to our intellectual benefactors while living, will, by discouraging their labors, in a

just revenge, diminish our own stock of noble and innocent enjoyment in the future.

As the facts of Mr. Cooper's life, as far as they are now disclosed, will be of interest to our readers, we subjoin a summary which appeared in the *Herald*:—

"James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789; of course his age was 62 years, within one day, at the time of his death. His father was the late Judge William Cooper, a descendant of an English ancestor of the same name, who settled at Burlington, N. J., in 1679. The branch of the family to which the novelist belongs removed, more than a century since, into Pennsylvania, in which State his father was born; but, in early life, established himself at the home of his ancestors, Burlington, N. J. In 1785 he removed to a settlement then commenced on Otsego Lake, in the State of New York, to which the name of Cooperstown, in honor of him, was afterwards given. An interesting description of this early settlement, and the character of his father, the founder of the village, with other pioneers of the place, are given in Mr. Cooper's novel of the "Pioneers," one of his most popular works. Judge Cooper passed his time alternately at Cooperstown and Burlington, from 1785 to 1790, in which latter year he removed his family, including his infant son, to the new settlement, where he had erected the mansion in which both father and son successively resided, and where both passed their last hours on earth.

"Judge Cooper took an active part in politics, and was twice elected a member of Congress, viz: in 1795 and 1799. His son, the subject of this sketch, was early placed at school, in Burlington, N. J., and was partially fitted for college at Albany, by the Rev. Mr. Ellison, an Episcopal clergyman. He completed his preparatory studies at New Haven, where he entered Yale College in 1802. Leaving that institution in 1805, he obtained a midshipman's warrant and entered the navy. After six years in a service where he was said to be a favorite, he resigned his office, and retired to private life. In January, 1811, he married Miss De Lancey, a sister of Bishop De Lancey, of the Western Diocese of New York, and of one of the oldest and most conspicuous families of this State. After his marriage, Mr. Cooper resided for sometime near White Plains, Westchester county; but at a subsequent period removed to Cooperstown, the former family residence of his parents, where he has since spent a great portion of his life.

"In 1821 Mr. Cooper commenced his career as an author, when the late A. T. Goodrich, bookseller, of this city, published his first novel, called 'Precaution.' It was issued anonymously, but Mr. Cooper was soon known as the author, and the discovery, perhaps, rather facilitated the sale of a work which, being simply a tale of domestic life in England, although finely drawn, was not peculiarly calculated to attract attention. It had, however, a fair sale, and the edition was gradually exhausted, but we believe the author was never very anxious to revive the work in future editions, although it was republished in London, where it passed for an English novel.

"The foundation of Mr. Cooper's fame as a novelist was permanently laid in 'The Spy,' a Tale of the Neutral Ground, which soon followed 'Precaution,' and immediately became extremely popular, both in this country and in Europe, where it was republished in English, French, and other languages. It is, doubtless, one of the most powerful historical tales ever written, and is regarded, by many, as the best work of Mr. Cooper. The charming novel of 'The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna,' followed 'The Spy,' and was eminently successful with the public. It is the first of

'The Leather Stocking Tales,' so called, the others being 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 'The Prairie,' 'The Path Finder,' and 'The Deer Slayer,' which followed; but not in regular succession—some of his other works intervening.

"We should here mention, that no American novels have been so extensively translated into foreign languages as those of Mr. Cooper. 'The Spy' has had the greatest run in this way. In 1847 it appeared in the Persian language, at Ispahan.

"The novel of the 'The Pilot' was the first of Mr. Cooper's Tales of the Ocean, which have so much added to his popularity. To this class belong also 'The Red-Rover,' 'The Water-Witch,' 'The Sea Lions,' 'The Two Admirals,' and some others.

"The following is, we believe, a complete list of the various romances and novels from the pen of Mr. Cooper, or of which he is the acknowledged author:—

"Precaution, The Spy, The Pioneers, The Pilot, Lionel Lincoln, Last of the Mohicans, The Prairie, The Red-Rover, The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish, The Water-Witch, The Bravo, The Heidenmauer, The Headsman of Berne, The Monikins, Homeward Bound, Home as Found, The Pathfinder, Mercedes of Castile, The Deerslayer, The Two Admirals, Wing-and-Wing, Wyandotté, Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief, Ned Myers (a genuine biography), Ashore and Afloat, Miles Wallingford, Satanstoe, a tale of the Colony, The Chainbearer, The Red Skins, The Crater, or Vulcan's Peak, Oak Openings, or the Bee-Hunter, Jack Tier, or the Florida Reef, The Sea Lions, or the Lost Sealers, The Ways of the Hour (published in 1850). Total—34.

"Most of the above works were issued in two volumes each. Though very unequal in point of talent and interest, they have, with few exceptions, been well received by the public, and have proved a source of great profit to the author.

"Mr. Cooper was also the author of a History of the United States Navy, in two vols.; 'Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor,' 'Gleanings in Europe,' in six volumes; 'Sketches of Switzerland,' four vols.; a small political work, called 'The American Democrat,' and 'A Letter to his Countrymen.'

"About the year 1827, Mr. Cooper visited Europe, where his fame had then been already established. He was welcomed into the most refined literary and aristocratic circles, but always sustained the character of an American by placing before the European public the truth with regard to his native country, in his conversation, and by his contributions to the press, when required to defend the institutions and character of the United States from attacks and misrepresentations. Among others whose friendship he enjoyed was General Lafayette, and other friends of America in France, England, &c., &c.

"Several of the works referred to were published during Mr. Cooper's visit to Europe. We believe he was absent some ten years, and on his return he continued his literary labors. His popularity, however, was checked by the attacks of the press on some of his works which were supposed to show an aristocratic tendency. He also had a controversy with the Hon. Tristram Burges, of Rhode Island, and the late Colonel Stone, editor of the *New York Daily Advertiser*, respecting his (Cooper's) narrative of the Battle of Lake Erie. Mr. Cooper then commenced a plan of suing editors of newspapers for damages. Col. Stone's case was submitted to arbitration, and we think \$250 was awarded in favor of Mr. Cooper. He was successful, likewise, in suits for damages against Colonel Webb, of the *Courier*; Thurlow Weed, of the *Albany Evening Journal*, and Greeley and McElrath, of the

Tribune. In these cases Mr. Cooper was materially aided by the course the court uniformly pursued in his favor, and against the editors. It doubtless, however, operated against his pecuniary interest.

"Mr. Cooper, in his politics, professed democratic notions; but his personal popularity as a politician was not extensive, however he may have been admired or esteemed among his own immediate circle of friends. In religion he was a zealous Episcopalian, and often represented the church of his village in the stated conventions of that denomination. One of his daughters, it will be remembered, has appeared as an authoress, particularly of a popular work called 'Rural Hours.'

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

New York, Sept. 9, 1851.

Dr. HAWKS in the chair.

The Corresponding Secretary read the following extracts from a letter just received from John R. Bartlett, Esq., dated Mexican Boundary Commission, Santa Rita del Cobre, New Mexico, July 25th, 1851:

"I have been much interested in Zestermann's Memoir on the early Colonization of America. It is ingenious and plausible, but I do not coincide with him in his theory. The Germans are most laborious archaeologists, and it is astonishing with what perseverance they investigate any obscure subject. Conclusions drawn from analogies are a safe basis on which an argument may be founded, when these analogies are taken from the arts which have made some progress. But to take primitive arts and customs, such as the raising of mounds, barrows, or other monuments over the dead, implements of war, certain religious customs, etc., and draw conclusions from them, is not safe. I have seen earthen vessels made by the Mexicans and Indians, similar in form to those of the Orientals. Weapons of war, as bows, arrows, and spears, are much the same in every quarter of the globe; and I may say the same of mounds and barrows. So with the burial of the effects of a great chief, a custom which prevailed, and still prevails, in every part of the world. The arts, manners, and religion of a people which has made a little advancement, are reliable; for instance, those of Mexico, Yucatan, Peru, Egypt, Greece, India, etc. I am always glad to see such disquisitions as Zestermann's: they throw light on a subject; but I do not think his arguments prove the early colonization of America by Europeans.

"I arrived here about the 1st May, and excepting some exploratory journeys, have been here since. One of my journeys was into the State of Sonora, as far as Arispe, a town about 300 miles distant. I took a party of nine persons with me, and teamsters, servants, cooks, and muleteers. With these I penetrated the Indian country, where the Mexicans have not dared to show themselves, except in bodies of fifty or a hundred. I found the country almost depopulated in consequence of the incursions of the Apaches. Full particulars of this journey have been sent by me to the Government.

"We are constantly surrounded by the Apaches, and are on the most friendly terms with them, even with a tribe which bears the reputation of being the most hostile of any, from the Pecos to the Pimos Indians. They are encamped some six or eight miles from here, and are in almost daily. Mangus Colorado (i. e. Red Sleeve) is the great chief, and, to use his own words, is ruler or the

"gran capitán" of all the Apache tribes. This name, for the last ten or fifteen years, has struck terror to the Mexicans, for three or four hundred miles within their territory, and only last year he drove off large numbers of mules and cattle from the American haciendas on the Rio Grande. This man now comes to my quarters with his wives and children, and we often talk for hours together on all topics. He speaks Spanish well, so that we can converse freely. Miserable as his people are, he is unquestionably a man of great sagacity and unusual intellectual powers. The whole tribe look up to him almost as a God; and I find that he is consulted by the chiefs of other nations on important matters relating to their welfare; and but a few days since, a deputation from the Navijos came to him. He, as well as the other chiefs who visit us, seem greatly pleased with the Americans, and fully understand the nature of our business to their country.

"I have always held peculiar opinions with regard to the Indian Tribes, in common with many in the United States; that is, that kind treatment will conquer them better than arms. I have given them but little: a few presents of blankets, clothing, and corn are the principal; and though they never outwardly express any gratitude, they show by their conduct that they appreciate the treatment they receive. Before this time they never received anything from either Mexicans or Americans but cruelty and abuse, and supposed that both were their enemies. Hence they never hesitated to rob and murder on all occasions. Some events of a thrilling interest have lately taken place here, but I cannot give you the details.

"I can tell you but little in the ethnological line. I have seen but two tribes of Indians. One of them the Piro, an ancient tribe now nearly extinct, living on the Rio Grande. I have got a very good vocabulary of their language; but so long have they been among the Mexicans, that they have lost all recollection of their ancient religion, manners, and customs. My vocabulary is complete and satisfactory. The other tribe is the Apaches, which is subdivided into many lesser tribes, bearing different names. Those, which I met during the winter, were such an ignorant and miserable set that I could get nothing out of them; but my intercourse has been so close with those now around me that I have succeeded in obtaining a very complete vocabulary of their language, principally from the great chief himself, Mangus Colorado. But such a language. It sounds like a combination of Polish, Chinese, Choctaw, and Dutch; grunts and gutturals abound, and there is a strong resemblance to the Hottentot click; now blend these together, and as you utter the word swallow it, and the sound will be a fair specimen of an Apache word.

"There are no ruins or other traces of ancient residences in this vicinity, nor anywhere along the valley of the Rio Grande. From the Indians I learn that in five or six days' journey, and after striking the Gila, we begin to find ruined buildings. Before I see them, however, I will express my opinion that they are the work of the Spaniards, and not of an Indian race; however, we shall soon see what they are.

"I have amused myself a good deal in taking sketches, and have already quite a collection of drawings; but it will require time

to work them up, a matter not easily done in camp. It is unfortunate that we have so few men of science in the Commission; but I have an artist for whom I sent to Boston, who has already reached El Paso, and will be here in a few days. When he arrives I shall commence a series of Indian portraits, and pictures illustrating their manners and customs."

Prof. Haldeman, of Pennsylvania, gave several vocal illustrations of Indian alphabetical sounds.

Dr. Le Conte made some remarks, the result of personal observation in travels in the West and on the Pacific, stating—1st, that the Chippewa language had changed so that the books of the Jesuit missionaries were now useless, and many of the proper names untranslatable; 2d, that the same Indian language was spoken from San Diego to the Maricopas, and that the latter, although living with the Pimas at the time of the earliest records, have not modified their language; 3d, that the Pimas (not Pimos) are not a distinct tribe, but only a band of the numerous tribe of Papagos, occupying a large part of Northern Sonora.

The following publications were received: Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, from N. A. Review, July, 1851. 8vo. *From Charles Eliot Norton.*

Guide to Northern Archaeology, by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities of Copenhagen; Edited, for the use of English Readers, by the Rt. Hon. Earl of Ellesmere. London, James Bain. 8vo. *From Earl of Ellesmere, from C. C. Rafn.*

Antiquarisk Tidsskrift, udgivet af det Kongelige Nordiske Oldskrift, Selskab, 1846, 1848. 8vo. *From Royal Society Northern Antiquaries.*

WHOLE HOGS.

THE public market has been of late more than usually remarkable for transactions on the American principle in Whole and indivisible Hogs. The market has been heavy—not the least approach to briskness having been observed in any part of it; but, the transactions, such as they have been, have been exclusively for Whole Hogs. Those who may only have had a retail inclination for sides, ribs, limbs, cheek, face, trotters, snout, ears, or tail, have been required to take the Whole Hog, sinking none of the offal, but consenting to it all—and a good deal of it too.

It has been discovered that mankind at large can only be regenerated by a Teetotal Society, or by a Peace Society, or by always dining on Vegetables. It is to be particularly remarked that either of these certain means of regeneration is utterly defeated, if so much as a hair's-breadth of the tip of either ear of that particular Pig be left out of the bargain. Qualify your water with a tea-spoonful of wine or brandy—we beg pardon—alcohol—and there is no virtue in Temperance. Maintain a single sentry at the gate of the Queen's Palace, and it is utterly impossible that you can be peaceful. Stew so much as the bone of a mutton chop in the pot with your vegetables, and you will never make another Eden out of a Kitchen Garden. You must take the Whole Hog, Sir, and every bristle on him, or you and the rest of mankind will never be regenerated.

Now, without inquiring at present whether means of regeneration that are so easily spoiled, may not a little resemble the pair

of dancing-shoes in the story, which the lady destroyed by walking across a room in them, we will consider the Whole Hog question from another point of view.

First, stand aside to see the great Teetotal Procession come by. It is called a Temperance Procession—which is not an honest use of a plain word, but never mind that. Hurrah! hurrah! The flags are blue and the letters golden. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many excellent, straightforward, thoroughly well-meaning, and exemplary people, four and four, or two and two. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many children, also four and four, or two and two. Who are they?—They, Sir, are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope.—Lord bless me! What are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope? They are the Infantine Brigade of Regenerators of Mankind.—Indeed? Hurrah! hurrah! These young citizens being pledged to total abstinence, and being fully competent to pledge themselves to anything for life; and it being the custom of such young citizens' parents, in the existing state of unregenerated society, to bring them up on ardent spirits and strong beer (both of which are commonly kept in barrels, behind the door, on tap, in all large families, expressly for persons of tender years, of whom it is calculated that seven-eighths always go to bed drunk); this is a grand show. So again, hurrah! hurrah!

Who are these gentlemen walking two and two, with medals on their stomachs and bows in their bottom-holes? These, Sir, are the Committee.—Are they? Hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more for the Committee! Hoo-o-o-o-rah! A cheer for the Reverend Jabez Fireworks—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the stand-up collar, Mr. Gloss—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the massive watch-chain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair, Mr. Glib—fond of speaking; a cheer for the rather dirty little gentleman who looks like a converted Hyæna, Mr. Scradger—fond of speaking; a cheer for the dark-eyed, brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America—fond of speaking; a cheer for the swarm who follow, blackening the procession—Regenerators from everywhere in general—all good men—all fond of speaking; and all going to speak.

I have no right to object, I am sure. Hurrah! hurrah!

The Rev. Jabez Fireworks, and the great Mr. Gloss, and the popular Mr. Glib, and the eminent Mr. Scradger, and the Dove Delegate from America, and the distinguished swarm from everywhere, have ample opportunity (and profit by it, too), for speaking to their heart's content. For, is there not, to-day, a Grand Demonstration Meeting; and to-morrow, another Grand Demonstration Meeting; and, the day after to-morrow, a Grand United Regenerative Zoological Visitation; and, the day after that, a Grand Aggregate General Demonstration; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Breakfast; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Tea; and, the day after that, a Final Grand Aggregate Compounded United and Associated Steam-boat River Demonstration; and do the Regenerators go anywhere without speaking, by the bushel? Still, what offence to me? None. Still, I am content to cry, Hurrah! hurrah!

If the Regenerators, though estimable men, be the most tiresome men (as speakers) under Heaven; if their sincerest and best followers cannot, in the infirmity of human nature, bear the infliction of such oratory, but occupy themselves in preference with tea and rolls, or resort for comfort to the less terrible society of Lions, Elephants, and Bears, or drown the Regenerative eloquence in the clash of brazen Bands; I think it sensible and right, and still exclaim, Hurrah!

But how, if with the matter of such eloquence, when any of it happens to be heard, and also happens not to be a singular compound of references to the Bible, and selections from Joe Miller, I find, on drawing nearer, that I have some business? How, if I find that the distinguished swarm are not of that quiet class of gentlemen whom Mr. CARLYLE describes as consuming their own smoke; but that they emit a vast amount of smoke, and blacken their neighbours very considerably? Then, as a neighbour myself, I have perhaps a right to speak?

In Bedlam, and in all other madhouses, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the patient. In Newgate, and in all other prisons, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the criminal. In the speeches of the Reverend Jabez, and the other Regenerators, Society is denounced as being wrongfully and wickedly combined against their own particular Whole Hog—who must be swallowed, every bristle, or there is no Pork in him.

The proof? Society won't come in and sign the pledge; Society won't come in and recruit the Juvenile Temperance bands of hope. Therefore, Society is fond of drunkenness, sees no harm in it, favors it very much, is a drunkard—a base, worthless, sensual, profligate brute. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, divines, physicians, lawyers, editors, authors, painters, poets, musicians, Queen, lords, ladies, and commons, are all in league against the Regenerators, are all violently attached to drunkenness, are all the more dangerous if by any chance they be personal examples of temperance, in the real meaning of the word!—which last powerful steam-hammer of logic has become a pet one, and is constantly to be observed in action.

Against this sweeping misrepresentation I take the liberty of entering my feeble protest. With all respect for Jabez, for Gloss, for Glib, for Dove Delegate, and for Scradger, I must make so bold as to observe that when a Malay runs a-muck he cannot be considered in a temperate state of mind; also, that when a thermometer stands at Fever Heat, it cannot claim to indicate Temperate weather. A man, to be truly temperate, must be temperate in many respects—in the rejection of strong words no less than of strong drinks—and I crave leave to assert against my good friends the Regenerators, that, in such gross statements, they set a most intemperate example. I even doubt whether an equal number of drunkards, under the excitement of the strongest liquors, could set a worse example.

And I would beg to put it seriously to the consideration of those who have sufficient powers of endurance to stand about the platform, listening, whether they think of this sufficiently? Whether they ever knew the like of this before? Whether

they have any experience or knowledge of a good cause that was ever promoted by such bad means? Whether they ever heard of an association of people, deliberately, by their chosen vessels, throwing overboard every effort but their own, made for the amelioration of the condition of men; unscrupulously vilifying all other laborers in the vineyard; calumniously setting down as aiders and abettors of an odious vice which they know to be held in general abhorrence, and consigned to general shame, the great compact mass of the community—of its intelligence, of its morality, of its earnest endeavour after better things? If, upon consideration, they know of no such other case, then the inquiry will perhaps occur to them, whether, in supporting a so-conducted cause, they really be upholders of Temperance, dealing with words which should be the signs for Truth, according to the truth that is in them?

Mankind can only be regenerated, proclaim the fatteners of the Whole Hog Number Two, by means of a Peace Society. Well! I call out of the nearest Peace Society my worthy friend John Bates—an excellent workman and a sound man, lineally descended from that sturdy soldier of the same name who spake with King Henry the Fifth, on the night before the battle of Agincourt. "Bates," says I, "how about this Regeneration? Why can it only be effected by means of a Peace Society?" Says Bates in answer, "Because War is frightful, ruinous, and unchristian. Because the details of one battle, because the horrors of one siege, would so appal you, if you knew them, that probably you never could be happy afterwards. Because man was not created in the image of his Maker to be blasted with gunpowder, or pierced with bayonets, or gashed with swords, or trampled under iron hoofs of horses, into a puddle of mire and blood. Because War is a wickedness that always costs us dear. Because it wastes our treasure, hardens our hearts, paralyzes our industry, cripples our commerce, occasions losses, and devilish crimes, unspeakable and out of number." Says I, sadly, "But have I not, O Bates, known all this for this many a year?" "It may be so," says Bates, "then, come into the Peace Society." Says I, "Why come in there, Bates?" Says Bates, "Because we declare we won't have War or show of War. We won't have armies, navies, camps, or ships. England shall be disarmed, we say, and all these horrors ended." Says I, "How ended, Bates?" Says Bates, "By arbitration. We have a Dove Delegate from America, and a Mouse Delegate from France; and we are establishing a Bond of Brotherhood, and that'll do it." "Alas! It will not do it, Bates. I, too have thought upon the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of the fatal distraction of men's minds from seeking them, by the roll of the drum and the thunder of the inexorable cannon. However, Bates, the world is not so far upon its course, yet, but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it, watchful to find Freedom weak that they may strike, and backed by great armies. O John Bates, look out towards Austria, look out towards Russia, look out towards Germany, look out towards the purple Sea, that lies so beautiful and calm beyond the filthy jails of Naples! Do you see nothing there?" Says Bates (like the sister in Blue Beard, but much more triumph-

antly) "I see nothing there, but dust;"—and this is one of the inconveniences of a fattened Whole and indivisible Hog, that it fills up the doorway, and its breeders cannot see beyond it. "Dust!" says Bates. I tell Bates that it is because there are, behind that dust, oppressors and oppressed, arrayed against each other—that it is because there are, beyond his Dove Delegate and his Mouse Delegate, the wild beasts of the Forest—that it is because I dread and hate the miseries of tyranny and war—that it is because I would not be soldier-ridden, nor have other men so—that I am not for the disarming of England, and cannot be a member of his Peace Society: admitting all his premises, but denying his conclusion. Whereupon Bates, otherwise just and sensible, insinuates that not being for his Whole and indivisible Hog, I can be for no part of his Hog; and that I have never felt or thought what his Society now tells me it, and only it, feels and thinks as a new discovery; and that when I am told of the new discovery I don't care for it!

Mankind can only be regenerated by dining on Vegetables. Why? Certain worthy gentlemen have dined, it seems, on vegetables for ever so many years, and are none the worse for it. Straightway, these excellent men, excited to the highest pitch, announce themselves by public advertisement as "DISTINGUISHED VEGETARIANS," vault upon a platform, hold a vegetable festival, and proceed to show, not without prolixity and weak jokes, that a vegetable diet is the only true faith, and that, in eating meat, mankind is wholly mistaken and partially corrupt. Distinguished Vegetarians. As the men who wear Nankeen trousers might hold a similar meeting, and become Distinguished Nankeenarians! But am I to have no meat? If I take a pledge to eat three cauliflowers daily in the cauliflower season, a peck of peas daily in the pea time, a gallon of broad Windsor beans daily when beans are "in," and a young cabbage or so every morning before breakfast, with perhaps a little ginger between meals (as a vegetable substance, corrective of that windy diet), may I not be allowed half an ounce of gravy-beef to flavor my potatoes? Not a shred! Distinguished Vegetarians can acknowledge no imperfect animal. Their Hog must be a Whole Hog, according to the fashion of the time.

Now, we would so far renew the custom of sacrificing animals, as to recommend that an altar be erected to Our Country, at present sheltering so many of these very inconvenient and unwieldy Hogs, on which their grosser portions should be "burnt and purged away." The Whole Hog of the Temperance Movement, divested of its intemperate assumption of infallibility, and of its intemperate determination to run grunting at the legs of the general population of this empire, would be a far less unclean and a far more serviceable creature than at present. The Whole Hog of the Peace Society, acquiring the recognition of a community of feeling between itself and many who hold war in no less abhorrence, but who yet believe, that, in the present era of the world, some preparation against it is a preservative of peace and a restraint upon despotism, would become as much enlightened as its predecessor Toby, of Immortal Memory. And if distinguished Vegetarians, of all kinds, would only allow a little meat; and if distinguished Fleshmeatarians, of all

kinds, would only yield a little vegetable; if the former, quietly devouring the fruits of the earth to any extent, would admit the possible morality of mashed potatoes with beef—and if the latter would concede a little spinach with gammon; and if both could manage to get on with a little less platforming—there being at present rather an undue preponderance of cry over wool—if all of us, in short, were to yield up something of our whole and entire animals, it might be very much the better in the end, both for us and for them.

After all, my friends and brothers, even the best Whole and indivisible Hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work, called Education?—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARITY.

(A Midrash: Translated from "La Semaine Israelite," into the Jewish Chronicle).

RABBI ELEAZAR, Rabbi Joshua, and Rabbi Akiba annually travelled through the Holy Land to collect funds in aid of the poor. Their collections were very considerable; but the most generous contributor was Aben Judan. This excellent man was one day reduced from wealth to poverty. The most frightful calamities happened in the district in which he dwelt. A terrible hurricane destroyed all the crops, uprooted trees, and demolished buildings; and, to complete these misfortunes, a distemper appeared among the cattle, thus annihilating all the wealth of the province. Aben Judan lost all. The land alone remained, which was soon seized by eager creditors. Such a sudden reverse of fortune would have subdued a less courageous character than Aben Judan, who exclaimed, in the words of Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Retiring to a small hut, he cultivated a remnant of land which he had saved from the disaster, and, by his activity and industry, he was not only enabled to support his family, but also to relieve the distress of others more unfortunate than himself. Aben Judan was still happy, readily conforming himself to circumstances.

One evening, being seated before the door of his poor cabin, resting himself after the fatigues of the day, and surrounded by his children, to whom he was delivering a pious discourse, he beheld at a distance the three rabbins approaching on their annual visit. He became pale and speechless. Aben Judan for the first time felt the pangs of his miserable position. "Oh, how unfortunate I am!" he exclaimed; then entered his cottage, and seated himself in a corner, in an attitude of pious despair. His pious wife, perceiving this sudden change, tenderly inquired if he felt unwell, or required anything. "Would to God thou couldst give me what I want," he replied; "but God alone can assist me. Do you recollect, Sarah, in the days of our prosperity, when our corn fed those who were hungry, our wool covered those who were naked, and our wine revived the depressed? Then the orphans came and blessed us, the widows approached us with chaunts of joy. Then, oh, how delicious were the pleasures we participated, and only experienced when performing acts of charity and benevolence! But now, alas! unfortunately, we cannot assist others, and are ourselves miserable. Alas! do you not see yonder," added Aben Judan, with a wild look, "the rabbins? O, they come; yes, they come, and what have

we to give them? What can Aben Judan give them now?" "Do not distress thyself, my husband; do not be disconsolate," said the virtuous wife; "we have yet this field left; let us sell one half of it, and give the produce to the poor." At these words Aben Judan elevated his head, his face illumed with joy, and said: "Oh, Sarah, the heart of thy husband doth safely confide in thee; my happiness is great indeed!"

He followed the advice of his wife, sold half his field, and when the collectors came he gave them the proceeds. The rabbins accepted the gift, and, on departing, they said, "May the Eternal restore to thee all thy wealth." "Amen!" murmured Sarah. Aben Judan, inspired with hope and courage, cultivated the little plot of ground yet left to him. One day, whilst tilling his field with the only ox he possessed, himself guiding the plough, when suddenly the forefeet of the ox sank into an excavation. Poor Aben Judan thought a new misfortune had occurred to him; his ox, his one and only ox, doubtless disabled. But sometimes good cometh out of evil. He quickly unyoked the poor animal, and succeeded in extricating him from the hole; and on examining the cavity which had nearly deprived him of his ox, he perceived something shining at the bottom. He enlarged the hole to enable him to descend it, and, to his no greater astonishment than joy, he found an immense treasure, deposited by one of his ancestors in troublous times. He conveyed home the treasure, soon quitted his humble dwelling, repurchased all his patrimonial property, and again became the friend of the needy, a father to the orphan, and protector to the unfortunate.

At the customary period the rabbins visited the province to collect for the poor, and not finding Aben Judan in the cottage, they inquired of the villagers whither he had gone. "Aben Judan!" replied these worthy people. "Aben Judan! Who can be compared to him for wealth, goodness, or generosity? Behold these immense flocks, these fields, vineyards, magnificent gardens and buildings: they all belong to Aben Judan!" Whilst the peasants were thus communicating his altered position the worthy man approached. The wise men saluted him in the name of the Eternal. "Honored rabbins, may peace be with you," said Aben Judan. "Your wishes and your prayers have been realized. Come with me, and receive your portion of the fruits; I will compensate for my humble subscription of the past year." The rabbins followed him, and were received in a distinguished manner by the good Sarah, and Aben Judan gave a magnificent present for the poor. In thanking him, they produced the list of subscriptions for the preceding year, remarking, that although many gave larger sums than he did, yet his name was placed at the head, as they were assured that the small amount of his donation was to be attributed to his misfortunes. "Thou shalt not appear before the Eternal with empty hands. Thou shalt give to the poor according as the Lord thy God has blessed thee; and thou wilt then accomplish the precept of the holy law."

A MATINAL FIGURE.—The sun was printing his morning kiss on the white cheeks of the glaciers, until they reddened in maidenly shame, when, accompanied this time by two Uralian Cossacks, we said farewell to the uncomfortable fortress.—*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning-Land.*

FINE ARTS.

POLITICS IN AN OYSTER HOUSE.*

Most of our readers are probably familiar with the paintings by Woodville, distributed by the Art-Union recently and engraved by them last year, entitled the Card Players. They will, therefore, need no introduction to the benevolent-looking old gentleman who is therein depicted, and will be glad to learn that we shrewdly suspect they may see him again under equally comfortable circumstances. His countenance shows him to be fond of good living, and it is not surprising that, on arriving in town from the interior of Pennsylvania, he should betake himself to one of those subterranean temples devoted to the immolation of bivalves, served by Abyssinian priests in white robes, or rather aprons, and vulgarly known as oyster cellars. Like a prudent man he has brought that old hook-handled umbrella with him which he had at the Pennsylvania tavern. Our old friend is not as choice as he might be in his company: you remember that hard looking youth he was playing cards with in the country, and here in the city he has fallen in with one of the same kidney, who looks as if he might be city cousin to the youth aforesaid. Here they are in the oyster saloon—the curtains of the box are drawn aside, so that you have a full view of both. They have evidently despatched each a dozen roast with exuberant trimmings, and the shells have been cleared away long ago, as you may infer from the old gentleman's beer jug being nearly empty and the segar stump which his companion has just discarded, as you see it smoking on the floor. This companion looks as if he was fresh from Tammany Hall or the Park in the heat of a Presidential canvass. He has his coat closely buttoned, a fiercely brushed pair of whiskers, a carelessly tied neckcloth, with a suspicious absence of linen where it is generally perceptible in a gentleman's apparel. He clutches a newspaper in one hand, and with the other, the elbow resting on the table, is enforcing his arguments with impressive forefinger on the old gentleman, who, a little hard of hearing, and still harder of conviction, has his hand to his ear and listens with an incredulous smile. The orator is capital and thoroughly American, as is the entire scene, an oyster cellar being one of the most *sui generis* places which we possess, and which we are surprised has not been more frequently drawn from by our humorous artists.

Sainte Catherine. By H. Mücke. Lithographed by Fanoli.—This painting, representing the translation of the body of St. Catherine, by four angels from the place of her martyrdom to that of her burial on Mount Sinai, has been one of the most popular religious subjects of the day. We have seen it not only in line, lithograph, and woodcut, but in porcelain transparency and alto relievo. It is issued by Messrs. Goupil & Co. in a beautiful lithograph about the size of their engravings of Scheffer's "Christus Consolator," and "Remunerator"—and although in an entirely different style, is fully entitled to rank in merit with those fine compositions.

Messrs. Goupil & Co. will shortly open Leutze's large historical picture, twenty-two feet in length, of Washington Crossing the Delaware, in one of the rooms of the

* By Woodville. Lithographed by Fanoli. Goupil & Co.

Stuyvesant Institute. The work is thus described by a German writer:—

"The picture reproduces the moment when the great general—aboard of the mass of the army, which had also just embarked, and part of which are passing off from the shore, and part already struggling with the driving ice—is steering to the opposite shore in a small boat, surrounded by eleven heroic figures, officers, farmers, soldiers, and boatmen. The tall and majestic form of the man in whose hands at that hour lay the fate of millions rises from the group, standing slightly bent forward, with one foot on the bottom of the boat, the other on the forward bench. His mild, yet serious and commanding glance seems seeking to pierce the mist of the further shore and discover the enemy, while intimations of the future grandeur of his country rise upon his mind. Nothing of youthful rashness appears in the expression of this figure, but the thoughtful artist has depicted the 'heart for any fate' of the general and statesman in noble, vigorous, and faithful traits. And what an impulse moves through the group of his companions! Their thought is, 'Forward, invincibly forward, for our country!' This is expressed in their whole bearing, in every movement, in the eyes and features of all. Under the influence of this thought they command the raging elements, so that the masses of ice seem to dissolve before the will and energy of these men. This is a picture by the sight of which, in this weary and exhausted time, one can recover health and strength. Let none miss a draught from such a goblet of nectar. Honor and fame to the artist whose production has power to work upon the hearts, and inflame the spirits of all that behold it!"

They will shortly issue proposals for publishing (at a reduced price to subscribers) a line engraving of this painting, which is intended to be the largest line engraving ever executed.

The AMERICAN ART-UNION opened its inner room to the public this week, with a number of new pictures and a rearrangement of the entire gallery. The general merit of the collection, it is admitted, has never stood so high. Among the recent additions are several choice works by Durand, Leutze, Church, May, Gignoux, and others. Mr. Page's "Holy Family," just received from Italy, and the "Amazon," by Leutze, were, as novelties and for their original merits, the leading attractions on the walls, dividing the attention with Mr. Church's vigorous landscape composition. Of the speeches of the opening night, the few remarks dropped by the Rev. Mr. Osgood were among the most noteworthy. He thus expressed (we quote the report of the *Tribune*) the dependence of the taste for natural beauty upon Art—a leading idea which should not be forgotten in our national education. To the sentiment, "Christian Art as Applied to Religion," Mr. Osgood replied:—

"High art had great power in educating the people. The beauty of nature was unknown to the mass of beholders, until they had been educated to see it. Visit the Switzerland of our country, New Hampshire, and you will find its inhabitants unaware of its beauty and grandeur. Only he who has been under the influence of art, sees nature. All art refines and develops the sense of beauty. We cannot read the poets even without having developed something of that cultivated perception. There is also among the people a singular ignorance of beauty and symmetry of form; a singular blindness until the taste is educated. What caricatures he had seen on the walls of respectable country gentlemen, purporting to be likenesses of the family. Art

was needed to educate the natural sense so that such abortions could not be tolerated. And were evidence needed of the usefulness of art in this respect, it might be found in the works which that institution had scattered over the country. Art was connected, too, with all that is grandest in history. Henceforth when we are animated by the narrative of the Father of his country as recorded by the illustrious Marshall, we shall think of Leutze, who has immortally associated his fame as an artist with the renown of Washington. He would give as a closing sentiment, *Art the interpreter of Nature, Nature the interpreter of God.* (Prolonged applause.)

Part 23 of Mr. Garrigue's *Iconographic Encyclopedia* deserves a special notice among Fine Art Illustrations, for its plates of sculpture and painting. In these many of the leading works of ancient times, of the Old Masters, and of modern European art, are faithfully represented. There is a liberal exhibition, too, of the antiquities of the subject, as well as of its first elementary principles in the anatomy of the human frame, and perspective. The drawings of objects, as we have before remarked, are always finely and truthfully given.

The *Art-Journal* (Virtue, 26 John street) for September, opens with an exquisite Stothard, a line engraving of the *Fête Champêtre* of the Vernon Gallery. The purity and character, the healthful spirit of the company, is in the artist's best vein. We do not tire of such repetitions. The specimen of sculpture is not a happy one. Louthenbourg's "Lake in Cumberland" (from the Vernon Gallery) is a free and successful rendering of an attractive subject. One of the leading features of the *Journal* for the present year is the series of illustrations of Great Masters of Art. These woodcuts, of the highest finish, were executed in France for a costly fine art publication. Jouvenet is the subject of the present number. His sacred subjects are capitally handled in the engravings. The Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition keeps its promise liberally. It is a treasury of pictorial wonders of fine art applications.

POWERS'S Statue of *Eve* has reached this city. It was wrecked, our readers will remember, about a year since on the coast of Spain. It escaped uninjured and is now, we understand, quite perfect. We are happy to learn that the statue will be exhibited in New York for the benefit of Mr. Powers.

MR. CARPENTER, a young artist of decided promise and excellence, recently arrived in this city from the Western part of this State, has taken a studio at the corner of Houston street and Broadway. Although but a new comer among us, Mr. Carpenter has been well received and has already acquired the friendly esteem of his brethren of the pencil. He is held to be a delicate "hand" at a likeness and has been happy in whatever he has attempted in the way of portraiture.

MUSIC.

AFTER a tolerably successful campaign, the summer season of opera at Castle Garden has drawn to a close. We have been unable to follow its progress in detail, but it has been remarked that the performances were characterized by great care and finish, in singing especially. Signora Bosio has se-

cured herself many friends, and deservedly too, by her conscientious execution of all that she has undertaken. M. Maretzek has well earned his reputation as an energetic and skilful manager, and we regret much that there is not a more definite prospect of our benefiting by his services this winter than we see at the present moment. He has done much for the advancement of musical taste in this city, and the lovers of opera must not forget that their enjoyment for the last season or two has been entirely owing to his exertions.

At this moment musical attention is centred upon the concerts given by Miss Hayes, which commenced last Tuesday evening at Tripler Hall.

During this week Madame Anna Thillon has been drawing all eyes, ears, and hearts by her successful debut on Thursday evening in the Crown Diamonds. Imagine half the opera omitted, comprising the tenors, songs, and the delightful concerted music, and you have an idea how much of Auber's "Diamants de la Couronne" is given to us. However, Madame Anna Thillon makes amends for it by her looks and graces, and she is pronounced charming. It is some years now since we heard her in London, but it appears to us that the lady has gained in beauty and lost in voice. Her execution, too, perhaps under the excitement of a strange audience, was very defective. Miss Mary Taylor made a clever Diana, and sang with care and judgment. Mr. Hudson was an active and busy Henrique, and the other parts were but ordinarily filled; but both music and libretto are so attractive that it must be a poor performance indeed that does not give some amusement, if not satisfaction.

"Dear Land of My Fathers!" is a pretty Irish ballad, said to be sung by Miss Hayes, composed by W. Guernsey. It is well arranged to suit ordinary voices, and is more melodious than the mass of ordinary ballads brought before one in a season.

"Oh, could I call Thee Mine!" is a good air set to very common-place words, when the melody is worth something better. The accompaniment is good, and the compass of the song is adapted to average voices.

"The Bloomer, or New Costume Polka," is a capital dance, tune by Le Roy, with a title and frontispiece that must attract the Bloomerites; not that the dress here given would be exactly such as the genuine Bloomers and Grahams would regard as particularly useful, when the colors and materials are considered!

These are all published by Firth, Pond & Co., No. 1 Franklin Square.

ON THE DEATH OF

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

A sound is floating on the night—
A sorrowing, a slumbrous sound,
Like something rising from the ground—
A moan for something lost to sight.

The world hath lost a giant's force—
The strength of genius and of thought
That held the sacred fire, that caught
And stayed it on its mighty course.

Say not a forest oak is riven;
The forest hath of oaks a host;
A greater than an oak is lost—
Another Pleiad of the Seven.

A hemisphere, a newer world,
Arose across Atlantic's main;
The world looked on in cold disdain
Until a banner was unfurled.

A standard, gleaming far and near,
Imagination's signet bearing,
And borne by one both strong and daring,
A fearless forest Pioneer.

It gleamed a star across the main,
And mighty genius in a day
Had leaped the ancient trodden way,
To scour the vasty prairie plain.

Imagination from the thrall
Of ancient form and hackneyed scene
Had plunged into the forest green,
Where Nature answered to her call.

Where Nature with a fresher power
Called genius to her friendly side,
And opening newer volumes wide,
Conferred upon her child their dower.

A generation dates the taste
For literary joys complete,
From Leatherstocking's wondrous feat—
The joys that saved the hours from waste.

A sound is floating on the night,
Another sound, a hopeful sigh,
Like one whose tears begin to dry—
A recollection of delight.

Awakened by that memory
We see the casket vanish sole;
The spirit it exhaled is whole,
And spreads abroad o'er land and sea.

The hand that floated down the stream,
The swift'ning stream of present Time,
Hath sunk, but still from clime to clime
Floats on the spirit of a Dream.

The spirit of a dream that rose
At great Imagination's call,
Rose up to people hut and hall,
Rose up to banish many woes.

Though life hath fallen by the way,
Of life the world is not bereft;
The labor of a life is left
The years of coming time to sway.

D. P. BARHYDT.

—*Journal of Commerce.*

VARIETIES.

PORTICS FROM THE "EVENING POST."—A correspondent says: "The lines published in the *Evening Post* of yesterday, as having been put on a board at Table Rock, on the spot where Miss Rugg fell and met her death, have been laughed at, but I think without reason. They have in them all that could be properly said on such an occasion; the only fault they have is a little inadequacy in the expression. Your readers will perhaps have the patience to look at the inscription again:

Oh woman! most beautiful of the human race,
Be careful of a dangerous place.
Miss Martha Rugg, at the age of 23,
Was launched into eternity.

"Rousseau somewhere remarks that the peasantry and other laboring classes have the best sentiments; the only deficiency is in the expression. Those who are denominated the cultivated and refined, he maintains, are only so in their language; they have a knack of expression, and that is all. In this case the thought is exceedingly good, as will be seen by a brief analysis. First comes a recognition of the value of woman; this gives additional force and importance to the caution to be circumspect in danger, which follows; and finally we have an example of the consequence of neglecting this caution, which is made more expressive and pathetic by mentioning the age of the person who met her death—the age of beauty, gaiety, hope,

and promise. The last line, which to some people seems ridiculous, is only so on account of the phrase, 'launched into eternity,' being often employed when people are hanged, of which the writer of the line perhaps was not aware. I dare say his mind was only full of the image of the endless, unknown existence—the vast new ocean of being, into which she plunged in a moment.

"I have amused myself with putting the thought of the writer of the lines into more regular metre, and into a form of expression less uncouth:

Loveliest and last creation of the skies,
Oh woman, tread with care where danger lies!
Young Martha Rugg forgot that caution here,
And perished in her three-and-twentieth year.

"This preserves all that is to be found in the original. I thought at first of writing the two last thus:

Here, as she walked, forgetting prudent fears,
Young Martha perished in her blooming years.

"But this omits the surname of the young victim, and her precise age. I think, for my part, the lines as they stand in my other version are quite as poetical—and, taken all together, I leave it to the judgment of your readers, whether the inscription, as I have versified it, is not very fair poetry—I mean for a board, in a public place."

THE HOWARD'S SUMMER NOTES ON COMO.—(*In the Tribune*).—Consider Como. That strip of water blends the most characteristic Swiss and Italian beauty. From the dark and awful shadow of the Snow-Alps which brood over its northern extremity, the lake stretches under waving vines and shimmering olives (that look as if they grew only by moonlight—said Mrs. Jameson's niece)—under orange terraces and lemons and oleanders, under sumptuous chestnuts and funeral cypresses and ponderous pines, under these and all that they imply of luxurious palaces, marble balusters, steps, statues, vases and fountains, under these and through all the imagery of ideal Italy, deep and far into the very heart of Southern Italian loveliness. And on the shores near the town of Como, among the garden paths or hills that overhang the villas, you may look from the embrace of Italy straight at the eternal snow peaks of Switzerland—as if on the divinest midsummer day your thought could cleave the year and behold December as distinctly as June.

Lake Como is the finest combination of natural sublimity and beauty with the artistic results which that sublimity and beauty have inspired. This is the combination essential to a perfect and permanently satisfactory enjoyment in landscape. We modern men cannot be satisfied with the satisfaction of the savage, nor with that of any partial nature and education. The landscape must be lovely as well as lonely, if it would be greatly praised. We have a right to require in scenery the presence of the improvement which Nature there suggested. In the Alps, in Niagara, in the Sea, Nature suggests nothing more. They are foregone conclusions. No colossal statue carved from a cliff or palace hewn from a glacier are more than curious. Nor can you in any manner improve or deepen by Art the essential impression of natural features so sublime. But it is different when Nature gives us landscape material. Graceful groves and gardens follow the going of men into the wilderness, and are the shapely statue which was concealed in the rude, natural mass of the Forest, and although we may feel the grandeur of the block, we must reserve our praises for the statue.

The *Alta Californian* announces the arrival at San Francisco of a British ship, "Henrietta," with 223 Chinese passengers on board. The editor, after looking over the passenger list, exclaims, "What a collection of Amungs, and Atings, and Achoys! Of the 223 names, 190

commence with letter A, usually terminating with a G or a Y, and in every instance two syllables in length." A singular circumstance connected with this cargo of Celestials is, that out of the whole number 221 are shoemakers, one a doctor, and one a merchant. "There are Afong, Allung, Auchung, Ampung, Andedod-dledung, Apung, Chingehung, Banching, and a host of other bloods, who smile with their new moon eyes as though the whole world was made of rainbows, and a 'haw haw' the chief end of man."

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A literal English translation from the Syriac Peshita version of the New Testament, by Dr. James Murdock, of New Haven, has just been issued from the Press of Messrs. Stanford and Swords, Broadway, in one large octavo. Dr. Murdock is already celebrated by his translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, largely printed and circulated in Europe. We note it as a "Curiosity of Literature," that by the portrait of him affixed to the above work, Dr. Murdock bears the weight of 76 years, and, in his preface, states that he only commenced the study of the Syriac some four or five years since!

Mr. Greatorex, organist of Calvary Church, has issued, through the press of the same house, his collection of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, &c., for the use of choirs.

"The Evangelical Catholic" is the title of a new Episcopal paper to be issued every other week. As soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained, it will appear weekly. Dr. Muhlenberg editor; published by STANFORD & SWORDS. No. 1 contains an article on Mr. Gladstone's letters on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government.

Mr. REDFIELD has on the eve of publication, in one volume, 12mo., "The Ladies of the Covenant, Memoirs of Distinguished Scottish Female Characters, embracing the period of the Covenant and the Persecution," by the Rev. James Anderson; also, "Half Hours of English History," by Charles Knight.

The abridgment of the "Critical Commentary on Isaiah," by Dr. J. A. Alexander, of Princeton, is now complete by the publication, this week, of the second volume.

"Dickens's Household Words," as reprinted in this country, has reached its seventy-second number. Mr. Putnam announces that he has transferred the publication of it to Messrs. Angel, Engel, and Hewitt, No. 1 Spruce street, by whom future numbers will be supplied.

"Stuart's Dictionary of Architecture, Historical, Descriptive, and Practical," announced some time since, has just been published by Mr. A. Hart, Philadelphia, in two large 8vo. vols. with 1,000 drawings. Simms' new historical romance, "Katherine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester," is out from the same press.

Mr. HART has in press, "Principles of Organic Chemistry," by Carl Loëwig, Doctor of Chemistry and Philosophy, and Professor in the University of Zurich. Translated by David Breed, M.D., of New York.

Norton's Literary Advertiser, No. 5, has been delivered. It is published the middle of each month in a large 4to. of 12 pages, on fine paper, and its contents, well arranged, are exceedingly interesting to book men. We take from it the following relating to Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co's Trade Sales in this city:—"The Sale by Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co. is unusually large, the bidding spirited, and the contributors liberal in their duplicating prices. The largest day's sale was that comprising the invoices of Messrs. Harper & Bros., of this city, and Mr. A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, whose com-

bined contributions could not have been far short of \$100,000, and it is the impression of many 'old hands' that the whole sale will reach the large sum of half a million of dollars. We were much gratified at the sight of so many of our brethren from the West, who from their large purchases must have an extended circle of readers to supply. The Provincial Trade was represented by parties from Canada, Nova Scotia, and even that far off spot, 'Prince Edward's Island.' From a recent visit to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, we are convinced that there is a large opening in that section of our country for American books, and we trust that our friends in Boston will be able to secure a fair portion of it. The suggestions in our last in relation to a fraternal meeting of the Trade during the Trade Sales has been well received, and we think that it will be acted upon next Spring."

"Sacred Streams, or the Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible," edited by Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., will be published shortly by Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND.

Messrs. DERRY & MILLER, Auburn, N. Y., have in press, "Goodrich's History of all Nations," royal 8vo. 1200 pages, with engravings and 70 maps; "Thrilling Incidents and Narratives, for Christian Families to the Third and Fourth Generation," by Rev. A. R. Belden; and "Life's Labours," first series, "The Farmer," by Rev. D. K. Lee.

The title of Mr. Bristed's forthcoming work, a volume of some six hundred pages, to be issued by Mr. Putnam, is "Five Years in an English University," by Charles Astor Bristed, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. ἀλλ' αὖ ἐξῆρ' ὁδὸν πόλιν παλαιοῦν ἐν σέφει.—ARISTOPH. *Aves*, 376."

In the announcements of "In Press," by Mr. PUTNAM, are "The Shield," a narrative, by Miss Cooper, and "The Monuments of Central and Western America," by Rev. Dr. Hawks.

"The Heroes and Martyrs of the Modern Missionary Enterprise," together with some sketches of the earlier Missionaries, edited by L. E. Smith, Esq., with an introduction by Wm. D. Sprague, D. D., one volume, 8vo., illustrated with numerous steel plate portraits, will shortly be issued from the press of Messrs. P. Brockett & Co., Hartford, Conn.

Messrs. TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, have issued this month a new catalogue of their own publications—choice in its appearance, as are the books its contents speak of. Out of a list of 137 different works, embracing science, religion, fiction, education, and juvenile books, &c., &c., 99 are original American and 38 reprints. It is particularly pleasant to notice in the choicest department, Belle Lettres, that out of 94 works of Poetry, Romance, Fiction, Essays, &c., 64 are original American and 30 English. Here beside the names of Wordsworth, De Quincy, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Browning, Bailey, &c., are read Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whipple, Sprague, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Sumner, Tuckerman, Grace Greenwood, Giles, and Bayard Taylor.

Vols. 7 and 8 of "Grote's History of Greece," which will complete the work as far as published in England, are in press by J. P. JEWETT & Co., Boston. Two more volumes, it is expected, will complete the work. They have also in press a Commentary on the Book of Acts, by Professor Hackett.

Messrs. MOORE & ANDERSON (late W. H. Moore & Co.), Cincinnati, are preparing the following new books and new editions:—Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland, by Hugh Miller; Malmizte the Toltec, and the Cavalier of the Cross; Clark's Concise History of England, edited by Prof. Moffat; Merry Old England, an illustrated juvenile, by Miss Corner; and The Elements of Aesthetics, by Prof. Moffat.

H. W. DERRY & Co., Cincinnati, have in

press the following:—Early Pioneer Settlers of Ohio; Hill's Electric Surgery; and the Eclectic Dispensatory.

T. E. CHAPMAN, Philadelphia, will shortly publish, *The Life, Travels, and Gospel Labors of Jesse Kersey*, late of Chester County, Pennsylvania.

T. & J. W. JOHNSON, Philadelphia, announce *Lund on Patents for Inventions*, to be published in their monthly "Law Library."

"The Bible in the Family, or Hints on Domestic Happiness," is the title of a series of ten lectures delivered by the Rev. Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia, soon to be published in a handsome 12mo. by Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. Appended to the lectures is a Discourse on the Importance of Religion to the Legal Profession.

Dr. J. J. G. Wilkinson, distinguished as an author and eminent in science, translator of some of Swedenborg's works, &c., in a preface, dated London, dedicates his new book to Henry James, Esq., of New York. The title is, *The Human Body and its Connection with Man*, illustrated by the Principal Organs, and it was published this week by LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co.

The Life and Adventures of an Arkansan Doctor, by David Rattlehead, M.D. (The Man of Scrapes is another of those humorous, illustrated duodecimos peculiar to Philadelphia). Nearly ready by the same house.

Lamartine's *Histoire de la Restauration*; Marmier's *Lettres sur l'Amerique*; Guizot's *Origine du Gouvernement Representatif en Europe*; La Convention Nationale, par Barrante; Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat*, vol. 10; Chevalier Corvis d'Economie Politique, are new and valuable issues to be found among other "Latest Paris Novelties" in the book way at RANDOLPH GARRIQUE'S, Astor House.

Messrs. BARRINGTON & HASWELL, Philadelphia, have just published a new edition of Henry's *Exposition of the Old and New Testament*, with a Memoir of the Author, and a Preface by the Rev. A. Alexander, D.D. The stereotype plates have been corrected, and many of the typographical errors which appeared in the previous editions will not be found in the one now offered to the public. It is handsomely bound in six volumes, and sold at a moderate price.

The Proprietors of "Le Courrier des Etats Unis" are publishing in book form Dumas's last novel, *Dieu Disposé*, and the Evening Mirror is giving Scribe's *Maurice*, or the History of the Present Day, as its feuilleton.

The London News speaks of "an American Magazine" started at London by Henry Howard Paul, an American and its editor. No. 1 has appeared, and the experiment so far pronounced successful.

FOREIGN.

The lively London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, of September 1st, huddles together several of the literary topics of the times:—

"A novelty that has been very successful in London, and about to be introduced to the notice of Liverpool, is the diorama of 'Our Native Land,' which in addition to being a superb specimen of art in its way, by the greatest of scene-painters, Grieve and Telbin, has the merit of being accompanied by the letter-press descriptions of Thomas Miller, the author of so many delightful sketches of English rural life, and who is shortly about to commence a series of lectures in London and throughout the provinces on the Rise and Progress of English Poetry from the Earliest Times to the Present Day—a subject which no man living is better capable of illustrating with originality and vigor, and in a manner the most opposite possible to that adopted by the herd of professional lecturers. The numerous literary and scientific institutions scattered over the United Kingdom are calling into the field a higher class of lec-

turers than was lately the case, thus refuting in our own times the assertion of Johnson as recorded by Boswell—I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken:—I know nothing that can best be taught by lectures except where experiments are shown. But, somehow, the best lecturers do not succeed as such for any length of time, or, at least, their provincial courses do not come up to their metropolitan deserts. The great lecturing lights of the beginning of the present century and subsequently—Southey, Sydney Smith, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Campbell, Montgomery, and others—did not keep at the work of oral instruction for any period; nor has Knowles, nor Carlyle, nor Fox; and it seems now that Thackeray has declined all overtures for the rural ventilation of his Hanover-square comicalities, Timarsh thus snubbing the Areadian snobs who were prepared to go into raptures at what had been approved by the most fashionable and seven-and-sixpenny audience in the world, the like of which is to be looked for nowhere else, and could be drawn together probably by no other name than that of the author of *Vanity Fair*, who 'knows his rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.' It would not be worth his consideration to accept any engagement country institutions have been accustomed to offer; and though the multiplicity of these would render his tour a profitable one, it would not be so to a degree commensurate with his standing, not only in the intellectual but in the mercantile world of letters; and, of course, it would never do for the illustrious *Pendennis* to go perigrinating through England on his own account, chaffering with secretaries, committeemen, laundresses, lamp-lighters, check-takers, posting bill-printers, and all the other plagues of the same genus that can only be successfully dealt with by enterprising, astute, and anti-squeamish gentlemen of the Albert Smith stamp. Smith, who was always A 1 of that numerous family, and to whom the published account of his ascent of the highest of the Alps has given carte *Blanc*, as he would say, for any draft on public credulity, admits he has made some £2,500, clear of all expenses, by his *Overland Route*—on paper; being £2,499 19s. 11½, more than ever the original explorer of the way realized by rendering the journey itself practicable."

Apropos to THACKERAY, the *Leader* announces that the distinguished satirist is writing a novel in three volumes, to be published in the winter. The scene is in England early in the 18th century, and the stage will be crossed by many of the illustrious actors of the time—such as Bolingbroke, Swift, and Pope; and Dick Steele will play a prominent part. There is more, adds the *Leader*, "than a bit of gossip in the foregoing paragraph." It intimates that Thackeray has "risen above the mist;" he will no more be hampered and seduced by the obstacles and temptations coextensive with the fragmentary composition of monthly parts. It intimates that he has the noble ambition of producing a work of art. It also intimates that he has bidden adieu, for the present, to Gaunt-house, the clubs, Pall-mall, and May-fair—to forms of life which are so vividly, so wondrously reproduced in his pages, that detractors have asserted he could paint nothing else—forgetting that creative power to that degree cannot be restricted to one form. His Lectures have prepared us for a very vivid and a very charming picture of the eighteenth century.

The third and fourth volumes of MACAULAY'S History of England are on the eve of publication, though not as yet announced. Macaulay has also a novel on the tapis. At least, so says the *New York Daily Times*.

The total sum realized by the sale of the Poet Gray's MSS. and Books, recently in London, amounted to £1034 7s. The following prices are enumerated by the *Literary Gazette*:—

"Albin (Eleazar), Natural History of English Insects; 4to. Lond. 1720, 5l. 5s. Blount (Thomas Pope), *Censura celeberrimi Authorum*; fol. Lond. 1690, 3l. 5s. Boccaccio, *Il Decamerone*; 4to. Lond. 1725, 5l. 7s. 6d. Burnet (Gilbert), *History of his Own Time*; fol. Dublin, 1724, 2l. 18s. Catullus, Tibullus, et Propertius, cum *Notis Variorum et Grævi*; 8vo. Trajecti, 1680, 3l. 3s. Chaucer (Geoffrey), *The Works of our Ancient and Learned English Poet, Geoffrey Chaucer*, newly printed; fol. Lond. 1602, 8l. 12s. Churchill (Charles), *Poetical Works*, 2 vols. in 1; 4to. Lond. 1763, 17l. Clarendon (Edward Hyde, Earl of), *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England*, begun in the year 1641, &c.; fol. Oxford, 1707-1759, 49l. 10s. Dante (Alighieri); fol. Venet, 1578, 6l. 16s. 6d. Digges (Sir Dudley, Knt.), *The Compleat Ambassador*; fol. Lond. 1655, 3l. 16s. Douglas (Gavin), *His beginnings and treatise callit, The pallice of honour*, compilt be M. Gawine Dowglas, bishop of Dunkeld; 4to. Hen. Charteris, 1579, 1l. 10s. Dugdale (Sir William), *The Baronage of England*; fol. Lon. 1675, 6l. Euripides; fol. Cantab. 1694, 5l. 10s. Fabian (Robert), *Chronycle*, black letter; fol. Lond. 1533, 9l. 15s. A Collection of the Manuscripts of the Poet Gray; large 4to. 500l. Gray (Thomas), *Six Manuscript Note Books* used by Gray, during his Travels on the Continent, and his Journeys in England, Scotland, &c., 1739 to 1769, 24l. Gray (Thomas), *Six Note Books*, all in Gray's Autograph, made while studying the Greek Classics, 8l. 10s. Linnæus (Carolus), *Systema Naturæ per Regna tria Naturæ*; 8vo. Holmiæ, 1758-9, 36l. Milton (John), *Poetical Works*; 12mo. Lond. 1730-38, 37l. The Valuable Collection of the Manuscript Music made by Gray while in Italy, 12l. The Naturalist's Journal, 4to. Lond. 1767, 8l. 8s. The Works of William Shakspeare; 12mo. Lond. 1740, 12l. 10s. The Works of Virgil; 8vo. Lond. 1790, 7l. 17s. 6d. Posthumous Bust of the Poet Gray; a Plaster Cast, with detached Pedestal, 5l. 2s. 6d. A View of the Church of Stokepogeys in Buckinghamshire, 10l. 15s."

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 13TH TO THE 27TH OF SEPTEMBER.

A Peep at our Neighbors; and the Sequel to the Willow Lane Budget. With illustrations, by Uncle Frank. 16mo., pp. 174.
Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register. By J. S. Romans. September. 8vo., pp. 82 (Boston).
Bartlett (W. H.).—The Nile Boat; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. Illustrated, 4to., pp. 218 (Harper & Bros.).
Brown (Rev. A. M.).—A Wreath Around the Cross; or, Scripture Truths Illustrated. 12mo., pp. 316 (Boston, Gould & Lincoln).
Byrne (O.).—The Practical Model Calculator, No. 2. pp. 48, 8vo. (Philadelphia, H. C. Baird).
Cheever (Rev. H. T.).—Life in the Sandwich Islands; or, the Heart of the Pacific as it was and is. Illustrated. 12mo., pp. 355 (A. S. Barnes & Co.).
Coles (J. B.).—The Beauties and Deformities of Tobacco Using; or, Its Lascivious and Solemn Realities. 12mo., pp. 167 (Boston, Ticknor & Co.).
Copway (G.).—Running Sketches of Men and Places in England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Scotland—Illustrated, 16mo., pp. 346 (J. C. Riker).
De Quincey (Thos.).—Literary Reminiscences; from the Autobiography of an English Opium Eater. 2 vols. 16mo., pp. 366, 337 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).
Doctrine of the Cross, illustrated in a Memorial of a Humble Follower of Christ. 18mo., pp. 164 (Bunnell & Price).
Dumas (A.).—The Wedding Dress, translated by Fayette Robinson. 8vo., pp. 96 (New York, Dewitt & Davenport).
De La Beche (Sir H. T.).—The Geological Observer. 8vo., pp. 193 (Philadelphia, Blanchard & Lea).
Ellis (Mrs.).—Morning Call, Paris 31, 32. 8vo. (New York, John Tallis & Co.).
Fosdick (W. W.).—Malmizle the Toltec; and the Cavaliers of the Cross. 12mo., pp. 356 (Cincinnati, W. H. Moore & D. Anderson).
Henry (Paul, D. D.).—Life and Times of John Calvin—trans. from the German by H. Stebbing, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 519, 454 (R. Carter & Bros.).
Herbert Tracy; or, the Trials of Mercantile Life, and the Morality of Trade. 12mo., pp. 189 (J. C. Riker).
Iconographic Encyclopedia of Science and Art. Part 23 (Rudolph Garrigue).
Irving (W.).—The Alhambra—illustrated by F. O. C. Darley. 4to., pp. 425 (G. P. Putnam).

Jones (Alex.).—Cuba in 1851. 8vo. pp. 80 (Stringer & Townsend).
Kennedy (J. F.).—Swallow Barn; or, a Sojourn in the Old Dominion—illustrated by Strother. 12mo., pp. 506 (G. P. Putnam).
Krauth (Rev. C. P.).—Popular Amusements: a Discourse delivered in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Winchester, Va., June 2, 1851. 8vo., pp. 32 (Winchester).
Lamartine (A. de).—The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 530 (Harper & Bros.).
Lee (Eliza B.).—Memoirs of Rev. J. Buckminster, D.D., and of his Son, Rev. J. S. Buckminster. 2d edition. 12mo. pp. 492 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).
Lewis Arundel; or, the Railroad of Life. 8vo. pp. 356 (H. Long & Co.).
Lopez.—Life of General Narciso Lopez; together with a detailed History of the Attempted Revolution of Cuba, from its first invasion at Cardinas down to the death of Lopez at Havana. By a Philibustero. 8vo. pp. 32 (New York, Dewitt & Davenport).
Motherwell (W.).—Posthumous Poems. 16mo. pp. 187 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).
Murdoch (J.).—The New Testament; or, the Book of the Holy Gospel of Our Lord and Our God, Jesus the Messiah. A literal Translation from the Syriac Peshito Version. By James Murdoch, D.D. 8vo. pp. 515 (Stanford & Swords).
Parkman (F., Jr.).—History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada. 8vo. pp. 630 (Boston, Little & Brown).
Reid (Capt. M.).—The Seal-Hunters; or, Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico. 8vo. pp. 204 (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.).
Revue des Deux Mondes. 1 and 15, Aug., 1851. 8vo. (New York, H. Baillière).
Rouchefoucauld (Duc de la).—Moral Reflections, Sentences, and Maxims; with an Introduction and Notes. With the Moral Sentences and Maxims of Stanislaus, King of Poland, and a Catalogue of Books of Maxims, &c. 12mo. pp. 189 (W. Gowans).
Rule and Mixture of the English in America. By the Author of "Sam Slick," &c. 12mo. pp. 379 (Harper & Bros.).
Sloan (S.).—The Model Architect: with original Designs for Villas, &c. Parts 1, 2, 3. 4to. (Phila., E. S. Jones & Co.).
Smith (Rev. A. D.).—The Guileless Israelite: a Sermon on occasion of the Death of Mr. Joseph Brewster. 8vo. pp. 40 (New York, A. D. F. Randolph).
Taylor (G.).—The Indications of the Creator; or, the Natural Evidences of Final Cause. 16mo. pp. 282 (C. Scribner).
Tallis's Dramatic Magazine, Part VIII., June. 8vo. Drawing-Room Table-Book of Theatrical Portraits, Memoirs, and Anecdotes. 8vo. (New York, John Tallis & Co.).
Warren (J. E.).—Vagabundo; or, the Attaché in Spain: including a Brief Excursion into the Empire of Morocco. By John Esaias Warren. 12mo. pp. 292 (Charles Scribner).
Wilkinson (J. J. G.).—The Human Body, and its Connection with Man, illustrated by the Principal Organs. 12mo. pp. 411 (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.).

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